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*J. Wrayham 1816.*

A NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

*THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION*

THE

SATELLITE;

OR,

REPOSITORY OF LITERATURE.

CONSISTING OF

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS;

(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL)

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.

*46-8-14-77*

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

PERSII SAT.

Newcastle on Tyne,

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## ADVERTISEMENT,



WHEN this work was first announced for publication, its plan and object were countenanced and encouraged by the friends of humanity and of literature in the north of England. Soon after our prospectus was published, a few independent gentlemen in Northumberland commenced a work upon a popular principle, and nearly upon a similar plan, entitled the *Æconomist*, which was so universally diffused, in consequence of its extreme cheapness, that it tended in a great measure to supersede our periodical work entirely. Our communications, however, were so numerous, and many of them of so superior a nature, that we ventured upon the experiment of publishing a small edition, notwithstanding the plenitude of success with which the other was attended. What we apprehended from the public, in fact occurred. The diminutive price of the *Æconomist* proved an insuperable bar to the extensive sale of the *Satellite*; and it was principally circulated only in the immediate neighbourhood of the publisher's residence. But such were the materials of which the following work is composed, that it was thought prudent to be continued, till a volume was formed.

Under these circumstances, therefore, this volume of the *Satellite* makes its appearance. No further apology will, we presume, be necessary.—We shall now, however, state the motives which actuated the editors, in first offering this work to the public.

In tracing the progress of human knowledge since the invention of printing, and selecting, for that purpose, the best materials we can procure, we are not surprized to find the labours of metaphysicians and polemical divines obscured with dust in the libraries of the learned; but it is an ingrateful phenomenon to



ADVERTISEMENT.

See the works of many great men, who have endeavoured to rescue the world from Gothic ignorance, to diffuse useful knowledge and the best modes of acquiring it, thrown by like useless and antiquated lumber. If we believe that knowledge is of a progressive nature, we must take it for granted, that every generation contributes to the improvement of the human mind, and adds a new stock of information to that which preceded it. But if we can reason respecting the new principles and new opinions which now pervade society, it would appear that mankind, at this period, are awakening from a state of mental lethargy and rude ignorance. Amid such a conflict of ideas, we thought it was not unworthy our feeble exertions to endeavour to direct the minds of unbiassed men in the paths of rational pursuits. To promote such a desirable event, the wish to contribute our mite, and to dispel, in some measure, the clouds of ignorance and bigotry which yet envelope the mind, and which cramp the exercise of our noblest faculties, was our aim. If we have failed, we, in common with every man who feels for suffering humanity, must regret; but the laudable attempt to promote such an essential service to mankind, we hope, will be received with that candour and regard which ought to distinguish us as rational beings.

THE EDITOR.

*Newcastle on Tyne, }  
June 30, 1800. }*



No I.

OF THE

# SATELLITE,

OR

*Repository of Literature;*

CONSISTING OF

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,

(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL)

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.

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*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* PERSII SAT.

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An uselefs light is all that knowledge gives,  
If not imparted what the mind receives. CRITO.

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CARLISLE,

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. MITCHELL.

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{NOV. 10, 1798.}

## ANECDOTES, &c.

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Some years prior to the death of Mr. HUME, a woman requested, with great earnestness, and repeatedly, to be admitted to his presence. The particular appearance of the woman, when making this request, prevented it being complied with. At length Mr. Hume consented, when she began to reprove him with great bitterness for his supposed infidelity, and gravely told him he would be damned, except he altered his opinions.—When she had exhausted her volubility, Mr. Hume begged leave to know her name and place of abode, and finding that her husband was a tallow-chandler, the good-humoured philosopher replied to her—“ That, as a recompence for her kind intentions, he should, during the course of his life, buy his candles at her shop,”—and then dismissed his female preacher.

A Quaker who was examined before *their honours* the Governors of the Excise Office, touching some certain duties that it was supposed had not been properly paid, was rather more primitive in his language than they liked: not chusing to use any other titles than *thee, thou, and friend*, one of them, with a very stern countenance, asked—“ Pray, Mr. —, do you know for what we sit here ?”—“ Yea,” replied Nathan, “ I do ;—some of you for five hundred, others for a thousand, and, I have been told, others for two thousand pounds a year.”

During the first dawns of convalescence after the suspension of the King's intellectual faculties, he asked Dr. Willis how much he cleared by his Lincolnshire pluralities.—“ Eight hundred a year” was the reply.—“ Then why,” added the monarch, “ do you, who are so rich, undertake to cure mad people for hire ?”—“ I imitate Jesus Christ, Sire, who went about doing good.”—“ Yes, but,” rejoined his majesty, “ in the first place, Jesus Christ did his good for nothing; and in the second—he had not eight hundred a year, my friend.”

One of the peasants employed in making intrenchments for the Austrian army on the banks of Rhine, being asked by one of the officers which party he should like to get the better, made answer—“ I should like to see all the French drowned in this river, and you and all the rest of the officers laughing at them *till you burst.*”

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### ERRATUM.

Page 6, line 16, for Dr. BERNARD, read Dr. BATHURST.



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# THE SATELLITE.

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No. I.  
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## ON PERIODICAL WRITING.

OF the several writers of the present day, it may be observed, that, though they have contributed but little to the general stock of literature, though their discoveries have been limited, and their enquiries rather bold than successful, they have adorned the truths, which have been already explored, with new colours; and, without weakening their original force, have presented them to the mind with additional beauty. Nor is this sort of secondary merit to be despised: a new structure may be formed of old materials, without derogating from the genius of the architect, if, in the disposition of its parts, it discovers originality, symmetry, and elegance.

The *Cacoethes scribendi* seems indeed to have infected all ranks and all professions, from the unschooled mechanic to the cloistered collegian: but it is a lamentable truth, that, as books have multiplied, the sum of human wisdom and human happiness has not increased. The mind seems to have been seriously trifling, or mischievously busy; to have grasped at phantoms, and to have neglected realities; to have resigned its powers and its happiness to the dominion and enthusiasm of fancy, and despised the sober deductions of reason and experiment. Systems of moral and political conduct have been formed, which, refined to speculative subtilty, have been found as impracticable in their execution, and fatal in their tendency, as they are futile and visionary in their theory.

To the nature of our constitution, both in church and state, that tolerates all sects and all opinions, as long as they are compatible with its own existence, we are to impute the present luxuriant growth of pamphlets. These in general are the perishable things of the day, conceived with more rancour than vigour, and brought to light by Faction and Folly, in the mo-



ments of popular phrenzy.—A spirit of philosophic enquiry, within certain bounds, ought certainly to be indulged, because we owe to it, in a great measure, our greatness and our happiness, the conveniencies and the elegancies of life: but when it attacks the sacred truths of Revelation, and wanders with a bold licentiousness among those settled opinions which form the basis and security of the community, it is then necessary that the civil authority, to whose protection the interests and political welfare of the subject are entrusted, should impose some timely check, and effect what a sense of shame ought to have done, or the moral and civil principles of society will be dissolved, and man be obliged to return to the woods; and, like his rude progenitors, protect his life and his acorns with his club.

The press, under proper regulations, is one of the greatest advantages that a free nation can enjoy, and the best security of its liberty; and it is only when perverted that it becomes the enemy of mankind. In the enjoyment of its benefits, its evils should not be remembered. Who would look to the partial mischief that is done by the overflowing of a river, when he considers that the same rains that swell its torrent diffuse verdure and cheerfulness over the general face of the country? Or who would wish the world deprived of the genial influence of the sun, which expands the flower and matures the fruit, because it cherishes the deadly hemlock and the unsightly thistle? In all human good there is mingled a portion of alloy: all we can do in the imperfect state of our moral nature is to make the cause of happiness more certain, and the cause of misery less efficacious.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS are numerous; and they may in general be mentioned with respect. A few rude models of this species of writing subsisted before the appearance of the *TATLER*, or the *SPECTATOR*; but it was these celebrated productions that first gave it dignity, method, and consequence; and made it at once the vehicle of useful instruction and elegant pleasure.

In the *SPECTATOR* we meet with genuine wit and humour; a language generally correct, always easy and clear, often vigorous; and remarks on men and things discriminatively exact, and carrying with them not the least trace of fastidiousness or ill-nature, such as exhibit the lapses, without degrading the dignity of our nature. The connection between our duties and our happiness is clearly and forcibly pointed out. Religion appears in a form correspondent to its genius and its professions, with an air of awfulness and grandeur, divested of that austerity with which Superstition had shaded its features. The ambition of the mind

is directed to such objects as are able to fill its capacity and gratify its loftiest wishes; the heart is regulated, the passions are placed on the side of virtue, and that diffusive spirit of benevolence recommended, which catches happiness, as it were by rebound, from the bosom of others, and which gives a sensation that Selfishness cannot feel within the contracted circle of its private and immediate gratifications.

The reader need not be told that the papers which Addison contributed are subscribed by the letters C. L. I. O. composing the name of the muse CLIO. Into these essays the virtue as well as the genius of that amiable man seems to have been transfused; and the praise conveyed in the following couplet, addressed to him by one of his contemporaries, is equally delicate and just, and attended with a felicity of expression which encomiasts seldom attain:

“When panting VIRTUE her last struggles made,  
“You brought your CLIO to the virgin’s aid.”

No sooner had the SPECTATOR and the GUARDIAN taken leave of the public than other writers appeared in the same track, and with the same confidence of success. They followed indeed, *haud non equis passibus*: they had the industry, but not the abilities, of their predecessors. They wearied the public before, perhaps, they were weary themselves, and had the misfortune to see the labours which were to give their names to posterity sink silently into oblivion by a cold and contemptuous neglect.

At length the RAMBLER arose: and, unintimidated by the fate of the puny efforts of former writers, marched over the field on which they had fallen with the spirit and confidence of a Roman. In the investigation of truth, in discrimination of character, and sagacity of remark, it displays more than ordinary powers.—There are some, especially those who attend more to words than to things, who censure its phraseology as elaborate and affected, and the structure of his sentences as too uniform, without remembering that there is hardly a period that fills the ear, which does not at the same time improve the heart, or enlarge the understanding, while it infuses into our language a portion of classic vigour. If it be often pompous, it is never heavy and cumbrous. Its brilliancy is that of sterling gold, not of tinsel, and the stamp of intrinsic excellence. The elevation of its style, its glow, its *ardentia verba*, are the energetic effects of a pious and comprehensive mind, revolving great ideas, and enamoured of the beauty and filled with the grandeur of virtue. Perhaps



no writer of the present century, except RICHARDSON, has displayed such an accurate knowledge of human nature as the author of the Rambler. Yet, with all its merit, the popularity of the Rambler has been rather circumscribed; and its effects on the sentiments and manners of the times have not been equal to those produced by the easy and mellow periods of the Spectator.

The ADVENTURER, though it has not reached the reputation of the Rambler, has shewn great ability in the discussion of several moral and literary questions.—Dr. Hawkesworth, the conductor of this publication, was a warm advocate in the cause of virtue and religion: he possessed genius and fancy, though his learning was small; but, in the general strength and precision of his language, he was inferior to few of his contemporaries.—The papers signed T, which are composed with a force and happiness superior to the others, have been announced to the public to be the productions of Dr. Bernard, but falsely. They were written by the author of the Rambler; and it is now known that they were the charitable donations of that great man to his friend Bernard, whose literary treasures were but small.—The essays with the signature of Z, flowed from the elegant pen of Dr. Warton, the venerable president of Winchester school, to whose literary services Virtue, Poetry, and Criticism, are so largely indebted.

The IDLER has a dignified and classical air; and, like the Rambler, teaches us how to live and to think, to become better and wiser men. It contains manly sentiments, deep reflections, and accurate observations.

The WORLD and the CONNOISSEUR exposed with great wit and humour the fashionable follies of the age. They were conducted by men who were well acquainted with life and manners, and who knew how to adorn and select what their memory or their observation supplied.

Though Periodical Works, under different titles, have been published by later writers, and some of them entitled to a respectable rank among the British Classics, yet this mode of writing appears to have been some time on the decline, owing, perhaps, not so much to the exhausted state of literary topics, as to the successful progress of MAGAZINES, the plan of which admitting the discussion of subjects of a more miscellaneous nature, gives a wider and a more varied range to different kinds and to different degrees of intellectual talent.

The first miscellany that appeared under this title was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a work which was suggested and carried



on with great ability and equal success by the indefatigable EDWARD CAVE; and has been conducted by different proprietors, with a variety of fortune, though generally successful, during a period of more than sixty years.

Of the utility of Magazines no one can doubt, who considers what they purpose and what they effect. To those who are fond of desultory reading (among whom may be comprehended the great mass of the people), they open a source of elegant and rational pleasure. To the man of science they often impart a hint that leads to some great truth in philosophy or morals; to the historian they give an opportunity of tracing, in a simple detail of facts, the progress and influence of political and religious opinions; and to the biographer they supply a copious fund of minute and literary anecdotes.

It must be owned, that some of the monthly miscellanies, under the patronage of bad men, have frequently offended the piety and hurt the modesty of the reader by profaneness and obscenity; or insulted his patriotism by positions that are hostile to the security of society, to public and private happiness. But this is an evil that arises from the licentiousness of the press—an evil, though it may be checked, cannot be suppressed, without abridging the rights of a freeman; and which must be placed among those irremediable calamities which it is the lot of Humanity to lament and endure!

*Carlisle.*

*ATTICUS.*

## CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

MRS. KNOWLES AND DR. JOHNSON,

Sent to Mr. BOSWELL for Publication.\*

SIR,

YOU ask me for the minutes I once made of a conversation which passed at Mr. DILLY's, in a literary party, and in which Dr. JOHNSON disputed so warmly with Mrs. KNOWLES.

\* This paper was sent to Mr. Boswell by Miss Seward for the purpose of being inserted in his Life of Dr. Johnson, but we believe was never published. However, it bears such strong marks of authenticity, that we admit it into this Miscellany without hesitation.—Should we

—As you seem to have a desire of inserting this dispute in your future meditated work, it is necessary something should be known concerning the young person who is the subject of it.

Miss JENNY HARRY was (for she is now no more) the daughter of a rich planter in the West Indies, who sent her to England to receive her education, in the house of his friend Mr. Sp——ng, and where an ingenious Quaker lady, Mrs. Knowles, was frequently a visitor.

This gentleman affected wit, and was perpetually rallying Mrs. Knowles on the subject of the Quaker principles in the presence of this young, gentle, and ingenious Miss Harry; who, at the age of eighteen, had received what is called a proper and polite education, without being instructed in the nature and grounds of her religious belief.

Mrs. Knowles was often led into a serious defence of her devotional opinions upon these visits at Barn-Elms.—You know with what clear and graceful eloquence she speaks on every subject. Her antagonists were shallow theologists, and opposed only idle and impertinent raillery to duly and long studied reasonings on the precepts of scripture, delivered in persuasive accents and harmonious language.

Without any design of making a proselyte, she gained one. Miss Harry grew very serious, and meditated perpetually on what had dropped from the lips of her Quaker friend, till it appeared to her that QUAKERISM was TRUE CHRISTIANITY. Believing this, she thought it her duty to join, at the hazard of every worldly interest, this class of worshippers. On declaring these sentiments, several ingenious clergymen were employed to talk and argue with her; but we all know the force of first impressions in Theology; and Mrs. Knowles's were the first she had listened to on the important theme.

This young lady was reasoned with, and threatened in vain. She persisted in resigning her splendid expectations, for what appeared to her the path of duty. Her father being informed of her changing her principles, let her know that she might chuse between a hundred thousand pounds, with his favour; if be accused of raking up the ashes of the dead, we can reply, that it is only adding another instance of the intolerant disposition of that great man.—THE EDITORS.



she continued a Church-Woman, and two thousand pounds, with his renunciation, if she continued the Quaker tenets.— She lamented her father's displeasure, but thanked him for the pecuniary alternative, assuring him it included all her wishes in point of fortune. She soon after left her guardian's house, and boarded in that of Mrs. Knowles; to whom she often observed, that Dr. Johnson's displeasure, whom she had often seen at her guardian's house, and who had always been fond of her, was among the greatest mortifications of her then situation: and once she came home in tears, and told her friend, that she had met Dr. Johnson in the street, and had ventured to speak to him, to ask him how he did, and that he would not deign to speak to her, but passed scornfully on. She added, "You and he are to meet soon in a literary party—plead for me."

You remember we all dined together at Mr. Dilly's, and that the conversation after dinner began with Mrs. Knowles's saying—"I am to entreat thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female, to whom thou used to be kind, and who is unhappy in the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her."

"Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her."—"Yet, what is her crime, Doctor?"—"Apostacy, Madam, apostacy from the community in which she was educated."—"Surely, Doctor, the quitting one community for another cannot of itself be a crime, if it be done from a motive of conscience? Hadst thou been educated in the Romish church, I must have supposed thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and that there must have been merit in the abjuration?"

"Madam, if I had been educated in the Romish church, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my forefathers; well, therefore, may I hate the arrogance of a young wench that sets herself up for a judge of theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured."—"I hope, Doctor, she has not done so—I hope the name of Christian is not denied to sectaries?"—"If the name is not, the common sense is."—"I will not dispute that point with thee—it would carry me too far. Suppose it granted, that, in the eyes of a simple girl, the weaker argu-



ment should appear the stronger : her want of judgment demands thy pity, not thy anger."

"Madam, it has my anger, and shall ever have it."

"Consider, Doctor, she must be sincere—what a noble fortune she has sacrificed."

"Madam, I have ever taught myself, that the association of folly cannot extenuate guilt."

"Ah, Doctor ! can we suppose the Deity will not pardon a defect of judgment (if such it should be), when the desire of serving him according to its idea in spirit and in truth has been a preferable consideration to worldly interest ?"

"Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity ; but I hate the odious wench, and shall ever hate her : I hate all impudence ; but the impudence of a chit apostate I nauseate."

"Alas ! Doctor, Jenny Harry is the most timid creature breathing : she trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence ; she grieves to have offended her guardian, and she grieves much—much more—to have offended Dr. JOHNSON, whom she loved, admired, and honoured !"

"Why then, Madam, did she not consult the man she pretends to love, admire, and honour, upon her new-fangled scruples ?—If she had looked up to that man with any part of the respect she professes, she would have supposed his ability to judge of what is fit and right to be at least equal to that of a raw wench, just out of her primer."

"Ah, Doctor ! remember, it was not among the wise and learned that Christ selected his disciples. Jenny Harry thinks Dr. Johnson great and good ; but she also thinks that the gospel demands a simpler form of worship than that of the established church ; and that it is not wit and eloquence that is to supersede the force of what appears to be a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies as fruitless, and even idolatrous, and asks only a simple obedience, and the homage of a devout heart."

"The homage of a fool's head you should have said, Madam, if you will pester me about this ridiculous wench."

"Suppose her ridiculous, she has been religious and sincere. Will the gates of heaven be shut against ardent and

well-meant folly, whose first consideration has been that of apprehending duty?"

"Pho, pho! who says it will, Madam?"

"Then, if Heaven do not shut its gates, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this little simple girl will, it is hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, whither earthly animosities must not be carried."

"Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools any where—they are troublesome company—and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I shall certainly exert that power, and so you may tell the odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and whom I suppose soon you will convert into a preacher—but I'll take care she don't preach to me."

The loud and angry manner in which he thundered out these replies to his calm, but able, antagonist, affrighted us all, except yourself, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice.—I remember you whispered me, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before."



## ON POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE horrid effects of the Associations for Places and Pensions are already beginning to manifest themselves. Intended, as they were at first, to countenance the time-servers in their apostacy, they by slow degrees wrought on the minds of weak but timid men, who, one after another, deserted the cause of truth and mankind. Strengthened by this unexpected addition to their power, all the old distinctions, which were little more than shades of difference among Englishmen, are vanished, and instead of Whigs and Tories, Foxites and Pittites, Aristocrats and Democrats, there are now, by the rashness of association, but two orders of men in this country, Royalists and Republicans.

Every man who dares to breathe a wish for the oppressed people is termed by one side a Republican; and he who seeks only to resist tumult, and prosecute reform by constitutional and peaceable means, is a Royalist.—What must be the con-



sequence of all this?—That these nick-names will engender doctrines, and that the next race of men, thus forced only under these two banners, will present a division infinitely more formidable than the lines of distinction which recent apostacy tended to destroy.

Young men are naturally led, in the generosity and disinterestedness of undebauched nature, to take the popular side; and when the popular side is called Republicanism, they will become Republicans.—They will no longer be bred in the temperate doctrine, that our Constitution, if occasionally repaired and kept up to its spirit, is better even than Republicanism at the price which we must pay for it; but, being reproached, vilified, and excluded, they will become what they are called.—Such is likely to be the tendency of the present most alarming system.

A. P.

### AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF TALENTS.

What differ more, you cry, than crown and cowl?  
I'll tell you, friend!—A wise man and a fool. POPE.

**I**N surveying the various classes of human life a manifest diversity of intellect is easily discernible, and from what source this difference springs it ought to be the business of philosophy to enquire. That it is imputable to nature has long been received as an incontrovertable fact: but I believe the subject would be worthy a few enquiries, whether talents are the result of an extraordinary organization, or they are produced solely by habit and education.

Systems of philosophy now exploded would pretend that man is endowed with the powers of intellect innately—that he discovers the nature and properties of things by intuition:—but these dogmas are not calculated for the eighteenth century; and all that the advocates for this opinion now contend for is, that Nature bestows the capacity for attaining knowledge. But this is still saying that she works with partiality—that she has divided the human race into different classes of wise men and fools, which is charging her with an inconsistency no way authorized by a survey of her works.

The study of the history of refined and civilized nations shews that the growth and cultivation of the human intellect do not depend upon favours from Nature, but totally upon circumstances. The progress of talents is always consonant to the progress of the nation in refinement: the perfection of it is neither the work of one generation nor two, but the work of regular and progressive steps; always keeping pace with the national spirit, whence it draws nutrition.

I would like to be informed where all the talents were lodged in the dark ages antecedent to the Reformation. If Nature is the only hand in creating and perfecting a genius, she had long reposed in a state of inaction, which I think would puzzle many to account for. But circumstances were wholly to blame: benumbed by Superstition, and rendered torpid by religious Fanaticism, the human intellect forgot its faculties, and lay imprisoned, till emancipated by the Reformation. This produced a change in men's minds; and the same country that had groaned for ages under the most deplorable ignorance, saw a Locke and a Newton rise from the ruins of Superstition and Gothic Barbarity.—Nature must be ever the same; we cannot suppose the supreme Author of it would be more partial to one nation than another, or favour one age more than another. It is obvious that a progress in arts, sciences, or civilization, is the result of human exertion; that man is induced by habit to become a philosopher, an artist, or a poet: and it invariably happens, that, when a nation is best adapted to taste the beauties of their performances, then is the time which has produced the most celebrated and famous professors.—Who ever heard of a philosopher in *Æthiopia*, or an artist amid the wilds of South America? It seems it is only to such countries as Italy and Greece that Nature has confined herself in the production of fine talents!

It may be objected, If excellence in science were so easily attained, why do not every age and country teem with philosophers?—The reason is obvious: the external objects of the world, the pleasures and enjoyments of sense, which are always the most prevalent in life, are the unconquerable and everlasting enemies to thought. No man was ever suc-



cessful in mixing in the thoughtless gaities of life and cultivating the metaphysical subtilities of philosophy. And the œconomy of Nature forbids such a plan: she has provided a remedy for what may be called this literary mania, by giving men various tastes and desires. The situations in human society must always be various, and Nature has manifested her wisdom in creating our prevailing tastes adequate to the demands which will be made upon them. No man ever cultivated any one art or science, but at the certain prejudice and loss of every other, if we except such men as Cicero and Michael Angelo; the one who shone as a poet, a philosopher, and a statesman; the other as a painter, an architect, and a statuary. Hence arises the saying, that men are born for a particular branch of science; but this confirms me in the opinion, that man is the entire creature of habit.—A merchant, who is expert at accounts, is seldom versed in subjects of literature; and a literary man is generally a novice at any thing that requires calculative exactness.

It may likewise be objected, Upon what principle will you account for the proficiency of Shakespeare, Chatterton, and Burns—men who have been dignified by the appellation of “Poets of Nature?”—I answer it, by supposing the proficiency of these bards to be in the same degree as that of others who have attained perfection. No one can suppose that any thing difficult can be atchieved without intense labour and thought. Shakespeare and Burns could not have produced plays and poems without attentively studying the human character, and looking steadily at the works of Nature. But I would not look for classical terseness in the works of one, nor a strict adherence to critical propriety in the other. If any thing was in their favour, I apprehend it was an excessive sensibility, or feeling, which may be said to depend in some measure on the organization.

Goldsmith was, in the younger part of his life, extremely averse to instruction: it was not till he arrived at maturity that he began to shew the dawnings of what is called genius. If Nature creates genius, it is unaccountably strange that she first made him a dunce, and thence transformed him into an admired poet and philosopher. If Nature did the business, she would do it effectually, and not put it in the power of cir-

cumstance to find out her works. To pass the former part of his life under the imputation of being a blockhead, and afterwards to shew the world perfect models of works of taste, is a plain proof that intellect may be cultivated and brought to perfection by the same industry and zeal that are bestowed upon other subjects.

We will find, in looking among our contemporaries, and likewise back into the ages of antiquity, that every man's proficiency is proportionate to the attention and pains he has bestowed in attaining his favourite science. People whom the world distinguishes with the name of geniuses, are always those who have, from the tender ages of infancy, made some particular study the whole business of their lives; and those who are called blockheads, are usually people who have not steadiness to apply themselves to any thing a sufficient time to arrive at perfection.

A French atheist and an Italian devotee—a Christian of Europe and an Indian brahmin—an implicit believer of all the dogmas of religion, and one who believes none—prove plainly, that, in all the relative situations of human life, the actions and belief of man are formed and fashioned by imperious habit; that he is moulded by external forms, and made subservient to the schemes of the ambitious, the enthusiastic, the brave, and the inglorious, with equal indifference and carelessness.

These considerations are not without their use: they should incite us to the study and practice of virtue, knowledge, and prudence. When aware that there are such distinctions as virtue and vice, pleasure and pain, and that the power is lodged in us to achieve the one and conquer the other, we ought to labour incessantly to bring our faculties to that state of perfection, which will infallibly enable us to make our progress through the world gentle, useful, and pleasant.

*Carlisle.*

PHILANDER.

### TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE OVER CHICANERY.

**A**T a late trial in Ireland, a Mr. Morton prosecuted one John Farrel for an assault, with an attempt to commit a rape upon his daughter. When Mr. Morton had given his testimony



for the crown (as the term is), he was cross examined by the counsel for the prisoner. The first question asked by one of these counsel was—"Pray, Sir, is the young lady your daughter?"—The evidence replied, Yes.—"Pray, Sir," continued the counsel, "how do you know she is your daughter?"

The witness thus expressed himself—"Gentlemen of the jury, I am called upon in this court to give my testimony—I have given it; and I have given it honestly as to my mind, and true as to the fact. A counsel (I suppose him so by his impertinence) has asked me, whether I can upon oath swear that this young lady is my daughter—Many of you are fathers, and will feel upon the occasion as I do.

"One observation I beg permission of the court to make; it is, that, in support of the laws of my country, I come forward here to punish a transgressor at my own expence, and that the man who has asked me the question as to my daughter's legitimacy, and who, no doubt, means to ask many more of the same sort, is *a person bribed to prevent the course of justice*. Gentlemen, I will prove the assertion—Look into his brief; he there acknowledges to have received *ten guineas* to defend a villain.

"Will you believe the testimony on oath of a man who is not *purchased*, in preference to the arguments of a man who is publicly *bribed*, or will you not? that is the question."

This brilliant effusion of honest indignation so disconcerted the hackneyed nonsense of the bar, that truth for once triumphed over artifice and chicanery, and the prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and to give security for his good behaviour during life, himself in two thousand pounds, and his securities in one thousand pounds each. P.

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### DESCRIPTION OF THE COPPER-MINES IN THE PARIS MOUNTAIN, IN THE ISLAND OF ANGLESEA.

From a Tour through England and Wales, in 1791.

THESE Copper-Works appear like a vast quarry dug in the mountain. They are totally unlike the usual appearance of copper-mines, and seem to resemble them only in affording ore. Instead of finding a narrow vein of copper, you are presented with one vast rock of ore. They separate it from the

quarry with gunpowder, a process attended with some degree of danger to the miners, who frequently receive damage from the fragments that fly about. Whenever they set fire to their train, they shout to their companions, as a signal for them to keep off. The agent of the works placed us in a situation which he thought secure; but, after the explosion, a great deal of the shattered fragments came tumbling about our ears. It is conveyed either in carts, or in buckets, to the surface, and rises most beautifully rich in its appearance; although, I believe, its value is not estimated by its beauty. After the ore is dug, the first process here is to calcine it in a furnace, by which means the sulphur is expelled, and they can afterwards separate the waste from the pure ore, making thus a great saving in the carriage to the different smelting houses. Nor is this the only advantage they derive from the calcination of the ore: when fire is applied to it in the furnace, it begins to burn, and will continue in that state from six to seven, eight, or nine months. During all this time, vast quantities of sulphur exhale from the ore. This is conveyed in vapour through conductors to a large oblong receiver with a concave roof, where, becoming condensed, it adheres to the sides of the receiver, or falls in a fine powder to the bottom. This is what the chemists call *sublimation*, and that which is obtained in this operation of the ore they call flowers of sulphur. It is then melted in a large copper, and poured off into moulds, when it becomes stone brimstone. Such vast quantities of sulphur are contained in the ore dug here, that more brimstone is made from the works of this company, than is necessary for the consumption of England.

Being almost stifled with the sulphureous air of the Paris Mountain, we were obliged to leave it, and brought with us several specimens of this beautiful copper, which, from its colour, is called the peacock ore; but there is one circumstance I have omitted to mention, and which I think the greatest curiosity of the Paris Mountain. A natural spring of water flows from the bed of ore, so impregnated with copper, that it will discharge it upon the smallest approach of iron. It is conveyed from pumps through wooden troughs, and we perceived a thin coat of copper incrusting even the heads of the nails that it flowed over.— There is also a large quantity of water brought from the quarry, which is much more strongly impregnated with the copper, and which assumes a beautiful green colour. This they convey with care to several large cisterns, formed for the purpose, which are first filled with plates of cast iron.



The instant the iron comes in contact with the water, the copper is precipitated. For the acid in the water, which before dissolved the copper, now preferring the iron, discharges the copper and dissolves the iron. Thus the iron takes the place of the copper as fast as the former dissolves and the latter precipitates. And it is this phenomenon which has led many into numberless errors with regard to the transmutation of metals. Finding that the iron vanished and copper appeared, they inferred that the iron was changed into copper, whereas it is merely a change of place, the iron assuming the situation of the copper, and resigning its own to that metal.

The truth of this may easily be perceived, by applying the Prussian alkali to the water that has discharged its copper, when a precipitation of iron will instantly take place.

A great quantity of copper is thus gained from the water in the mine, which is by much the richest and most valuable of any they have.

This amazing resource for copper was discovered by a poor woman digging peat. She found something more than common in the appearance of the earth, and communicated the intelligence to her husband. The news soon spread; it proved to be an almost inexhaustible bed of ore. We naturally enquired what reward the poor family had, that first brought such a fund of riches to the island. They all assured us, that no reward was ever given. An Englishman can hardly credit this, especially when he is told, that one noble Earl alone derives an income of thirty thousand pounds yearly from these works.

ANONYMOUS.



### THE HIGHLANDER, A FRAGMENT.

—A Highlander, about sixty years of age, crawled along the road, supported with a pair of crutches, seemingly insensible to every object that passed him.—“Pray,” said I to him, “where do you come from, poor man?” to which he seemed to pay no attention. “Whither are you going?” He made no reply.—He looked scornfully at me, and seemed unwilling to answer the questions I put to him. He then was going on, but I stopped him. “I wish to know,” I said to him again, “if you are in want of any thing?”—He smiled at me pathetically, and looked downwards to his feet, as if he would have said, Let them speak for me. I just discerned upon his furrowed face

a scar, when I asked him if ever he had been a soldier. Just then, as if some wonderful melancholy had seized him, he took the lap of his tattered coat, and wiped his eyes, which were brimful of tears. In a minute or two he was more composed, and spoke to me for the first time, in broken English, to the following effect—"At fifteen years of age I enlisted, for want of a better employment, and served in three wars, in two of which General Wolfe was engaged; the first in Germany, the other in Canada. This scar (said he, pointing to the wound in his face) I received in clambering up the banks of St. Lawrence, from the ruggedness of a rock on which I fell, in attempting to make a landing before Quebec. The other war in which I served was in America, where I was twice slightly wounded in defending myself from sudden attacks made upon us by skirmishing parties; but at length I received a wound which rendered me unable for service, just about the conclusion of the war. However I soon recovered, and went into the ranks again; but, from fatigue, contracted a disease, which settled in my legs. I was therefore discharged, and all that I received to carry me to the place of my nativity was twenty-five days pay, with a promise that I should be provided for; but from that day till the present, which is now two years, have I not received a farthing. I once indeed had the pleasure to meet with an officer whom I rescued from the hands of the enemy: from this man I received five guineas, with a promise that he would procure me the provision of which I had been so long and so unjustly deprived. But now I think my friend is gone; he is surely dead, otherwise I should have heard from him. He was the kindest hearted man I ever knew; but, unfortunately, there existed a jealousy between him and his commanding officer: the cause I could never learn; but it was said that he displayed a superiority of skill and courage, which gave rise to a malignant spirit in our commander's breast. By his interest younger officers were advanced above him, which induced him to retire in disgust from the regiment upon half pay. Since that time, even though the French war was begun when I saw him, he had not been called upon, though he had made several applications.

When I went to the place my relations formerly lived at, which was a few miles beyond Inverness, all were dead, except a brother-in-law, from whom I craved the indulgence of a lodging under his roof for one night, until I could find another dwelling. I at first received a kindly welcome, which would probably have continued, but no prospect of my pension ever



arriving, I was at last treated with silent neglect, a conduct which I could not endure. I left his house, and am so far on my road to London, but little speed am I able to make. A few miles in a day are the most I can accomplish. Whether I shall be ever able to arrive I know not; but let Death come when he will, he will find me wearied of a world from which I have received but very indifferent usage."—Here the old man ended his narrative; but judge what were my sensations, when I discovered under the rags of a mendicant—the identical person of my preserver, Donald!



### ORIGIN OF FLYING ARTILLERY.

FOR this wonderful improvement in military tactics the world is indebted to the late ingenious Dr. John Anderson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Glasgow. For many years prior to its discovery, this great man laboured incessantly to find out the cause of the recoil of a cannon. He was at length successful, and applied to the discovery the novel method of firing cannon slung between two horses, which has since received the appellation of *FLYING ARTILLERY*, from the ease with which field-pieces are carried from one place to another.—Immediately after its discovery, he wished to dispose of the plan to government. It was tried, and found to answer the purpose; but Lord S——ch wishing to have the merit of the discovery to himself, offered the Doctor 3000l. upon that condition—a sum which, though it would have been accepted as a purchase, was refused as a bribe.—Means were then tried to filch the secret from him, which, when he understood, he told the engineer employed for that purpose, that “he might examine the lock, but he always kept the key in his pocket.”

In the year 1792, France and Britain not being then at war, the Doctor left this country, and went to Paris, where he laid the discovery before the Convention, by whom it was not only purchased, but received with avidity. It was scarcely sooner known than reduced to practice. Part of Dumourier's army was instructed in the new system of tactics; and the success of the French at the battle of Jemappe may in a great measure be attributed to this circumstance. Indeed it is a general opinion, that the victories of France are owing to her superiority in the management of artillery.

*Newcastle.*

W.

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# POETRY.

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## A REFLECTION.

AH, Youth! how soon thy sweets are flown!  
 The fond delights we scarcely own,  
 Ere Sorrow dims each prospect fair,  
 And days and years are mark'd by Care.

A while we wander to and fro,  
 'Twixt fancied joy and real woe:  
 The glare of Pomp we idly prize,  
 While gay Content far from us flies.

When Hope her aid denies, at last  
 Reflection points to what is past,  
 And whispers oft, tho' oft in vain,  
 That pleasure's but the source of pain.

*Carlisle.*

R. ANDERSON.

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## SONG.

BY THE LATE MISS BLAMIRE.

WHEN home we return after youth has been spending,  
 And many a flow year has been wasting and ending,  
 We often seem lost in the *once* well-known places,  
 And sigh to find Age has so furrowed old faces;  
 For the rose that has faded the eye still keeps mourning,  
 And weeps every change that we see on returning.

Should we miss but a tree where we us'd to be playing,  
 Or find the wood cut where we faunter'd a Maying;  
 If the yew seat's away, or the ivy is wanting,  
 We hate the fine lawn, or the new-fashion'd planting:  
 Each thing called IMPROVEMENT seems blacken'd with crimes,  
 If it tears up one record of blissful old times.



When many a spring had call'd forth the sweet flowers,  
 And many an autumn had painted her bowers,  
 I came to the place where life had its beginning,  
 Taking root with the groves that around me were springing :  
 When I found them all gone, 'twas like dear friends departed,  
 And I walk'd where they us'd to be half broken hearted.

Far distant, one bower my fancy still haunted ;  
 'Twas hung round with woodbine my Jessy had planted :  
 I ran to the spot, where one weak flower remaining,  
 Could just nod its head, to approve my complaining :  
 A tear for a dew-drop I hid in its fringes,  
 And sigh'd to think what things one's pleasure unhinges.

But, ah ! what is this to old friends oft estranging,  
 Their manners still more than their looks daily changing !  
 Where the heart us'd to warm, to find alter'd behaviour,  
 Makes us wish we had stay'd from our country for ever,  
 With the sweet days of youth in our fancies still glowing,  
 And a love of old friends with old Time ever growing.

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*WINTER, A SONNET.*

**H**AIL, stormy winds ! and hail, thou chilling frost !  
 Ye summer gales, autumnal sweets, adieu !  
 See piercing WINTER comes, with clouds embost,  
 Wild Horror frowning on his angry brow ;  
 While with'ring leaves fast fall from ev'ry bough,  
 Nature, disrob'd, no beauties can display :  
 Bleak, barren, cheerless, is the distant view,  
 Short and still shorter seems the less'ning day.

While frost congeals, while whitening snows descend,  
 Let Wealth its superfluities forego,  
 To each poor houseless wand'rer be a friend,  
 When told the undissembl'd tale of woe :  
 With unassuming dignity bestow,  
 With grateful mien the kind relief impart ;  
 For Pity's mild complacent smiles do shew  
 The soft emotions of the gentle heart.

MARIA.

### *Review of Public Affairs.*

THE Revolutions which, within a few years past, have taken place in different states and kingdoms, are of such a very singular and extraordinary nature, that the ablest and most sagacious politicians could neither foresee nor prevent them; and those commotions which at present agitate the world, and have been excited by the pride and ambition of its rulers, seem to portend events of the last importance to the peace and happiness of mankind.

The direful wounds which several states have already inflicted upon one another, instead of being cured, seem to be festering afresh.—The demon of war is not yet satiated with blood, notwithstanding millions of victims have been sacrificed on his merciless altars. He still shews his rueful countenance, and spreads death and desolation around him.

#### FRANCE

only waits a favourable opportunity to break off the negotiation at Rastadt with a plausible grace. She probably places her security in revolutionizing Germany, and introducing into that empire a form of democratic government similar to her own: flattered with this prospect, she may wish to renew and continue hostilities. What gives some colour to this mode of reasoning, is, her receding from the stipulated principles of the treaty of Campo Formio, and retaining in her possession so many strong and fortified places on each side of the Rhine, by which she can, with little or no resistance, whenever it suits her views, penetrate into the heart of the empire. Besides, she knows she has many friends among the German deputies tinctured with the Republican Mania, who would make but feeble exertions in support of the common cause.—For some time past she has laboured under an unwieldy burden, which must impair her natural strength, and retard her successful career. By grasping at such a variety of objects of uncommon magnitude, and attempting to carry into execution arduous and seemingly romantic plans, she will risk the loss of many valuable acquisitions, which otherwise she would have had it in her power to retain.—One of her most extraordinary expeditions is her transporting an army to Egypt, whether with a view to conquer that kingdom, or carry her troops to the East Indies, is not yet known; but, from what has already happened, she must feel the most disastrous consequences. The destruction of the Toulon fleet must weaken her naval power, and in a great measure exclude her from the navigation of the Mediterranean sea. She must suffer also from the absence of General Bounaparte, who was a principal support of the republic, by his counsels in the cabinet and achievements in the field. That general's situation at present is perilous and precarious, especially as the Turkish Emperor has denounced him a Heretic, and published a Crusade against him. His preservation and future success must therefore depend upon his putting in practice an old maxim, *DIVIDE ET*



**IMPERA ; i. e. divide and conquer.**—Egypt is under the government of petty tyrants, called Beys, or Bakhaws, who are often at war with one another, and sometimes with their superior, the Grand Signor himself. Now, it is not improbable, that a man of his superior talents and address may form alliances among the Egyptians and Arabians, and draw over to his interest such a large body of these as, when united with and disciplined by his own troops, may enable him effectually to resist any force that can come against him.

#### GERMANY.

The Emperor, from his conduct hitherto, has not discovered greatness of talents ; but, like his brother potentates, fondness for power. A tedious, and to him unfortunate war, has emptied his coffers, cut off the flower of his army, and impoverished his subjects ; therefore we need not be surprized at his adopting any measures prescribed to him by that power which has already so liberally subsidized him. But, though the interested remonstrances of his allies, joined with his own ambition and resentment, may prompt him to wish for a continuance of the war, yet, before he takes an active part in it, some obvious considerations may greatly embarrass and alarm him. It must cool his ardour, when he reflects, that this war has already brought him to the brink of ruin ; and, if persevered in, may ultimately overturn his throne.—He finds his influence over his vassals but feeble and inefficacious. The diet of the empire is divided and dissatisfied. The parts of that heterogeneous mass cannot be united, so as to bring the whole to exert their joint energy in repelling the common enemy. Every member seems to be swayed by his own interest, and to throw his own weight into that scale which he thinks will preponderate, and best enable him to ward off those calamities under which he has already smarted. At this time the Emperor seems to be in a similar situation with Cæsar when on the banks of the Rubicon, who, after much and deep reflection, hesitated within himself, whether he should cross the river, and march to Rome to crush his enemies, or return to Gaul to gather fresh laurels at the head of his victorious troops.

The Emperor's more crafty neighbour,

#### PRUSSIA,

is no doubt revolving in his mind the likely consequences to result from peace or war. He is but a young monarch ; and, though inexperienced in the politics of republics, he is aware of their danger.—He appears to keep aloof from the blandishments of either party, though at intervals encouraging each. Whether this hypocrisy will tend to his advantage we are incapable of judging, but we presume neutrality must be his only bulwark. In conformity to this principle he has certainly acted, in preventing the Russian army from marching through his territories, which has compelled them to take a more easterly direction as the route of their journey into Germany.

#### SPAIN

may be called the dormitory of genius, and land of gross bigotry and superstition ; and no wonder it should be so, when it is computed

that it contains 100,000 persons of religious orders, friars, nuns, and secular clergy.—This kingdom has lost that prowess which entitled it to the respect of nations. She has all the haughty malignity, without the disinterestedness, for which she was formerly characterized. Her power is dwindled into insignificance, and her treasures are exhausted. So indolent and so ignorant a people can hardly be found among civilized nations, excepting in the adjoining kingdom of

#### PORTUGAL,

the only country in Europe that tolerates the inquisition, though this is now taken out of the hands of ecclesiastics, and converted into a state trap for the benefit of the crown.—The Portuguese are a gloomy, cruel, and revengeful people, and superstitious to an extreme. Their weight must be inconsiderable in the political balance, especially as their government is in the hands of a lunatic. Their very existence as a kingdom depends on the support of England.

#### SWITZERLAND

has been long and justly celebrated as the first country in Europe for the bravery and independent spirit, for the light and learning, joined with the virtuous conduct, of its inhabitants. And though it has made surprising efforts of resistance, it has been at last compelled to yield to the irresistible arms of its democratic neighbours, who boast of freedom which they never knew, and liberty, the sweets whereof they have never yet tasted.—When considered in a political point of view, the subjugation of Switzerland must be a valuable acquisition to the French, as it will open a short and easy passage to attack their former rivals in point of domination and power.—The Kings of

#### SARDINIA AND NAPLES

seem to be tottering on their thrones.—The former is completely hemmed in by the troops of the Republic, who have placed a garrison in the citadel of its metropolis.—The latter must tremble at the thoughts of being attacked by veteran legions inured to victory. Their king, so far from possessing military talents, is commonly denominated the king of priests.—The other states of

#### ITALY

seem to be completely revolutionized; but the newly erected republics on the south of the Alps are not yet so well organized as to enjoy a state of peace and tranquillity. They are agitated by factions, which engender tumults and insurrections which the arbitrary proceedings of their new governors are not well calculated to allay.—Rome is in a turbulent state. The minds of its inhabitants are kept in a perpetual ferment by the suggestions of their priests, whose burning zeal and bitter spirit of revenge must be smothered by terror and the arm of power, otherwise the latent fire would burst forth with dreadful explosions.

#### POLAND

may be blotted out of the map of Europe, as it only exists in name:—but in what light must the political system of this age appear to pos-



terity, when the eyes of men are no longer jaundiced by political prejudice, nor look at objects through the distortive medium of party spirit! They will scarcely believe that the kings of Europe, bound by that religion they profess, and their pretended regard for the public welfare, and even bound by their mutual engagements to guarantee the peaceable and protect the innocent, could stand by, unmoved and unconcerned, while the territories of a brother prince, after being miserably harassed with all the horrors of war, were causelessly torn from their rightful sovereign, and divided among three rapacious vultures, who are much to be dreaded, because they think their power gives them a licence to glut themselves with the spoils of their inferiors.

#### DENMARK AND SWEDEN,

by their strict neutrality, have saved themselves from oppressive burdens, and from many scenes of misery and distress, which are the rueful but natural consequences of war.

#### RUSSIA.

Had the Emperor Paul persevered in the same pacific spirit which he assumed when he came to the throne, he would have been the likeliest mediator and umpire for compromising the differences among the contending powers; but his conduct of late betrays the same arbitrary spirit which actuated his predecessors. He has suppressed the liberties of the press, and abolished seminaries of learning, which is a sure indication of tyranny and despotism. He, in conjunction with Britain, appears to be fostering a fresh conspiracy against the common enemy. Paul has not developed so much of his mind as to enable us to guess at his object in this combination. The great distance at which his territories lie from the scene of action, induces us to suppose he is only acting a counterpart to his mother's politics. His unnatural co-operation with Turkey is a phenomenon we cannot account for upon any other principle.—The junction of the Russian with the British fleet is likely from a similar motive. But, however, we may be mistaken.—The miriads of soldiers he can raise, with the fleets he can equip, must certainly render him a most formidable power; and should he appropriate a fleet and an army to oppose the republican phalanxes, the war may again assume an aspect more terrible than before.

#### HOLLAND,

whose principal strength always depended on its fleets, was effectually crippled by the victory of Admiral Duncan: and it is problematical whether it will ever be able again to be so powerful by sea as it has been formerly. Considering the changes that happen on this globe, Holland may again be reduced to its primitive state, and become once more the habitation of fishermen and carriers to such as trade by sea.

#### BRITAIN.

In no period of English history has our naval power risen to such a degree of splendour as at present. The victories of Lord Howe, Lord St. Vincent, and Admiral Duncan, had established the glory of British

proweels; but the envied pre-eminence is due to the gallant NELSON, who has effectually sealed the destiny of the French navy! The advantages which Great-Britain has acquired during the war are of considerable consequence to her commerce, but it is much to be regretted that they should have been purchased at so dear a price as the loss of so many of our brave countrymen, who have fallen victims both to the sword and disease, and the system of taxation, which has increased the burdens of the people, and which are the inevitable evils that have already ensued from the contest.—It is to be deplored, that in our body politic there are some internal maladies, which have been gradually impairing its natural vigour, till at last they have broken forth like fore and inveterate ulcers, and, to the regret of all good men, are not yet healed up, in the neighbouring kingdom of

#### IRELAND.

The news from that unfortunate country are still of a calamitous nature. The infatuated people seem determined to resist the soldiery by stratagem when they can no longer oppose them by force. Insurrection may be said to be quelled, but the spirit of rebellion still exists. HOLT, the last, though not the least, of the rebel chiefs, still carries on a predatory warfare from the fastnesses of Wicklow. Bands of desperadoes issue from unsuspected quarters, and pillage the properties of those whom they consider their most dangerous enemies, and afterwards barbarously murder them.—The counties in which the insurrection prevailed present nothing but scenes of ruin; villages depopulated, fields uncultivated, and miserable wretches exposed to all the horrors of famine. Commerce, trade, and credit are in a state of stagnation!—It appears that a plan is in agitation to unite Ireland with England in one political body. How it will be relished by the former it is hard to conjecture.—The Irish have been for some time the dupes of French finesse and pompous promises of support. Had it not been owing to these, they would scarcely have broken forth into open rebellion so soon. The defeat of the French at Killala, and the destruction of the Brest fleet on their coast, by the brave Admiral Warren, who well deserves to have his name enrolled among the naval heroes of Britain, will, in all probability, terminate all intended invasions of either England or Ireland.

The same spirit of discord which prevails through Europe, has now begun to shed its evil influence in

#### AMERICA.

Though the misunderstanding between her and France has been of a mysterious kind, it appears to consist principally in punctilio. It is a matter of notoriety, that the Americans were indebted to France for their independence. Therefore, in order to recompence their friends, they pledged their faith in treaties, granting them several exclusive privileges in point of trade and commerce, and in which they were to be held as the most favoured nation. Since the revolution in France, the British interest has so effectually preponderated in the United States, as to procure a treaty of navigation and commerce, much to



the advantage of this country. Though this treaty did not exclude the French from enjoying the same commercial advantages they formerly did, yet it placed Great Britain on an equality, and consequently diminished the value of French commodities imported into America.—Upon this event taking place, France loudly complained, that they were ungratefully treated by a people whose deliverers they had been, and insisted upon a full explanation of the treaty, or its being annulled. The Americans evaded giving a direct negative to their peremptory demand, which irritated the French so much as to induce them to annoy her trade to Great Britain. The face of affairs seems to wear a serious aspect, and the preparations for war in the United States are so formidable as to induce the French to lower the tone of their complaints, and become the suppliants for accommodation in their turn.

The above survey of the political world, though it is only a cursory sketch, exhibits such a disagreeable picture of the age in which we live, as must excite many unpleasant feelings in the minds of the benevolent and humane.—Strange to think, that rational beings, formed for rising in the scale of moral excellence, should, after the knowledge of preceding ages, remain still so very blind and ignorant with respect to the end of their being and existence!—Nothing more bespeaks the wisdom of the Deity, than that principle of benevolence interwoven into our frame, which prompts us to wish well and contribute to the happiness of our fellow-creatures: and the more effectually to excite a peculiar energy to this principle, we are so constituted, that our own happiness cannot be separated from that of others, and genuine self-love and benevolence unite their influence in constituting the character not only of the good but of the happy man. And this mutual coincidence is a clear proof that we were equally made for both. But when we attentively behold the common scenes that are acted, and the characters that make their appearance, on the common theatre of life, there is nothing more obvious than the little regard which is paid to the primary law of nature, “to do unto others what, under similar circumstances, we would wish done to ourselves.” How many do we find who, instead of acting upon a principle of benevolence, make it their sole study to raise and support themselves upon the ruin of others, and to effect which they sacrifice every principle of Justice, Truth, and Charity!—What then—if we cannot relieve the miseries of others, let us endeavour to procure happiness to ourselves, by practising those duties the different stations and conditions we may be in require.—Let us consider all the human race as our brethren by nature; who as such have many claims upon us, which are strong in proportion to our natural ties and nearness of connection: consequently the society to which we belong has a prior claim for every aid and support we can afford it.—In studying to do good in a public capacity, we must respect the laws of our country; and, in a private station, our loyalty is best evinced by attention to morality and virtue.

END OF No. I.

N<sup>o</sup>. II.  
OF THE  
**SATELLITE,**

OR  
*Repository of Literature;*

CONSISTING OF  
**MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,**  
(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL)

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF  
**USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.**

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*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* PERSII SAT.

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An uselefs light is all that knowledge gives,  
If not imparted what the mind receives. CRITO.

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**CARLISLE,**

*PRINTED BY AND FOR J. MITCHELL;*

By whom COMMUNICATIONS (Post-paid) will be thankfully received  
and punctually acknowledged.

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(JANUARY 12, 1799.)



## ANECDOTES, &c.

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An old Scotch woman, who had been a long time a follower of the Duke of Marlborough's army, in the capacity of a futler, was one evening preceding an important battle in grave conversation with a venerable sister, though of a different nation, and discussing the probable consequences of the next day's engagement—"Well," says the English futler, "well—it most certainly will be a bloody battle, and all I have to say is, *may God stand by the right.*"—"De'il pick out your een for your wicked wish," replied the Caledonian—" *God stand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrang!*"

A monk, who discharged in some place the office of librarian, finding a Hebrew book in the collection, and not knowing under what title to place it in his catalogue, called it, "a Book, the beginning whereof is at the end."

A Quaker preacher, who was lately haranguing at great length an audience in a certain town in Cumberland, said—"Sow wheat and it will produce wheat; sow corn and it will produce corn; sow chaff and it will produce chaff."—"Stop, stop, Simon!" cried one of his auditors—"Sow chaff, and it will produce nothing!"

A vicar and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words, "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection,"—and then went on.

A Methodist in America, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called up one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday, after receiving the sacrament. "Aye, massa," replied the savage, "but I wished it had been brandy."

### BURKE ON THE FAST-DAY.

To *fast* and *pray* for future joys  
Is doctrine worth attention:  
I *fasted* long enough, my boys,  
Then *pray'd*, and got a *pension*!

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THE  
*SATELLITE.*

~~~~~  
No. II.  
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MEMOIRS OF JAMES MARTIN, ESQ.

M. P. FOR TEWKSBURY.†

**W**EARIED with the contentions of party, and disgusted with the perfidy of the ambitious, we feel inexpressible delight in the contemplation of a character whose independence of mind and private virtues are such as entitle him to be ranked among the first of patriots.—A man who has held his integrity unblemished for more than twenty years, in the dignified station of a member of parliament, becomes in these times an object of respect, and worthy of imitation. Of this description is the gentleman whose memoirs we proceed to sketch. Since the year 1774, he has represented the borough of Tewksbury; and, during that time, has uniformly preserved an unbiaſſed mind and an undiminished reputation.

As the best proof of Mr. Martin's independence, we shall select a statement of his opinions, on some of the most important events that have occupied the attention of this country for many years—and in this respect *his conduct has never belied his professions*.—On the passing of Mr. Fox's famous East India bill, Mr. Martin exclaimed,—“ I rise to give a parting execration to this pernicious and unconstitutional measure.”—

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† In this communication, we are sorry to be under the necessity of admitting reflections upon a subject that has occasioned so much altercation, and such a diversity of opinion: yet, though we are averse from shewing the least partiality to either side of political questions, we can assure our readers, that we will thankfully receive any Biographical Memoir which is original, and may tend to increase political virtue, or public happiness.—THE EDITORS.



And so much did he detest the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, that he said, "he wished to see a STARLING perched on the right elbow of the Speaker's chair, which, whenever a pernicious measure was brought forward, should repeat incessantly—*Disgraceful, shameful coalition*†!"—With those who professed to seek their country's welfare he constantly associated: and, on Mr. Pitt's entrance into the premiership, he hailed him as the patriot and benefactor of Britain. He supported, during the first part of his administration, all the measures which he conceived tended to his country's good; and praised the conduct of the minister, as being consistent, steady, and upright, as well before as in the case of his sovereign's illness. On the same principles, he said of Mr. Fox's anxiety concerning the regency, "that it reminded him of a scene in Shakespeare's Henry IV. where Falstaff reckoned upon what would be done for him and his associates when the prince should come to the crown, which was then daily expected, and was continually assigning places of dignity and character to the most deserving of his friends."—When Mr. Pitt began to tread the footsteps of former ministers, in veering from the patriotic principles with which he set out in his parliamentary career, then, and not till then, did Mr. Martin withhold his support. When once he perceived he changed his tone, and no longer exerted his talents in a manner salutary to the state, he opposed him in the most determined way. As a mark of his impartiality and patriotic magnanimity, he stood forward an advocate for the abolition of franking, although an enemy to the war, and a partner in an eminent banking house. When he perceived the change of the minister's language, in prosecuting the war contrary to the principles on which it was commenced, Mr. Martin said, "the Chancellor of the Exchequer had declared that France was an *armed nation*, an expression with which he was struck, and which the Right Hon. Gentleman, with all his ability and all his command of language, could not afterwards explain away. He was glad he had used the expression; for it would tend much to open the eyes of the country as to what were the real principles of the war in which

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† To the honour of his character be it recorded, that no influence could obtain his vote, no bribe could purchase his silence.—His virtue was put to the test in the year 1783, when a share of a very advantageous loan was offered him; which he not only refused, but represented the circumstance to the House, as an insult offered to their dignity.

we were engaged. He fully agreed with his honourable friend (Mr. Hussey) on the propriety of directing our efforts to a naval instead of a military war. He was of this opinion both from motives of policy and humanity. Continental connections were by no means of importance to Great Britain. A naval war was more congenial to our insular situation, and it was less calamitous to mankind: by it no villages were destroyed, nor the industrious peasant of any country plundered and reduced to misery. The Right Hon. Gentleman, instead of explaining what he meant by saying we were at war with an armed nation, had entered into a brilliant declamation on the beaten topic of *French atheism*. No man held atheism, or irreligious principles, in more abhorrence than he did; but he held *atheistical hypocrites* in equal abhorrence; and, he was sorry to say, there were men in this country who, *without any religion in theory or in practice, made religion a stalking-horse for the purposes of state*. He was averse from engaging in foreign wars; and, much as he had heard of the contrary system, he thought we could do without *foreign connections*. When we should be so happy as to obtain peace, he hoped the policy of detaching ourselves from foreign connections would well be considered. While the abuse of public money was the subject of debate, he would notice, what he believed to be true, that newspapers in the interest of the Treasury were paid with public money. A greater abuse could not well be practised; for it was their daily business to misrepresent facts and characters, and calumniate every man who differed from ministers, that they were destitute of religion and honesty, and an enemy to the government and constitution of this country. These were times when misrepresentation made it necessary to speak out; therefore he declared, that *a limited monarchy*, and an independent House of Commons, were by him considered as the *true principles* of the constitution. If any invasion of the constitution had taken place, it had come from those who ought to have defended it. He considered they had done so in *the erection of barracks all over the country, which, he believed, no minister four years ago would have ventured to defend*.—During this session of parliament the important measure of raising troops without the consent of the legislature, by what they termed a *voluntary contribution*, was made an object of enquiry, when Mr. M. declared, “that some time since he had made up his mind never to be surprised at any thing the present administration would do. After the punishments that had been inflicted on men for avowing political opinions, after the general



system of erecting barracks all over the kingdom, after the introduction of foreign troops without the consent of parliament, *this measure appeared to him to crown the whole.*"

Who can view this fortitude of principle without admiration? He gave Mr. Pitt his support when it appeared to him he acted for the welfare of his country; and now he opposes him, when his measures are no longer beneficial. But how must our veneration for his character increase, when we are assured that his reputation as a senator is far exceeded by his virtues as a man. He is the father of the country where he lives; and there, when the mild dignity of his public conduct may be but faintly remembered, he will live in the hearts of a grateful posterity, who will proclaim the beneficence that succoured the parent, and the vigilance that protected the offspring. In the intervals of his duty as a representative of the people, he is assiduously employed in mitigating the sufferings of the poor, in lightening the burdens of labour, and rewarding the toils of honest industry. He does not disdain to visit the hut of the peasant, to search out their necessities, and alleviate their distresses. Ostentation is no part of this good man's character; for, in the distribution of his gifts, he relieves where relief is merited: and, conscious that Justice should direct Generosity, he with-holds it from the profligate and unworthy. These liberal motives have produced a real reformation among those to whom his bounty is distributed. Persuaded that he is ever disposed to alleviate the distresses of Virtue, that the furrowed brow of Honesty is more respected by him than the smiles of dissipated Grandeur, and that circumspection and uprightness in their actions can alone conciliate his esteem, they are anxious to evince, by a virtuous deportment, how much they desire his approbation. And such is their sense of his goodness and their affection towards him, that, when he returns from his parliamentary avocations, he is introduced amid the shouts of assembled villagers, as the protector of the poor and the father of the people.

We shall conclude our account of this venerable patriot with a letter to his constituents, on the eve of the last general election, when two nabobs had offered themselves as candidates, as it affords a striking proof of the integrity of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct.

*To the worthy Electors of the Borough of Tewksbury.*

"Having been informed that a considerable number of my friends have expressed surprise at my delaying to canvass the

borough until the present day, I trust they will not impute such delay to any want of respect, indolence, or procrastination.

“ I have always thought that the honour of a seat in parliament should consist in fulfilling the duties of that situation, and in being sent there by the free, unbiassed good-will of the electors. I have had the distinguished honour of being one of the representatives for Tewksbury near twenty years; the electors *must*, therefore, be acquainted with my character and conduct as a public man. If they disapprove of me as such, I would by no means wish, either by dint of solicitation, or any other undue influence, to turn them from the purpose of giving their suffrage to more worthy persons. I wish to take the cool sense of my constituents; and, therefore, have no fear whatever of giving them every opportunity of mature consideration before they determine.— I have *no interest* whatever in being a member of parliament, but that of serving the public with an honest vote, whenever the opportunity offers. I should rather wish to deserve the confidence of the people, than to be returned to the House of Commons from any exertions, either of my friends or my own, that should be either illegal, unconstitutional, or in any way detrimental to the welfare of the community. If electors expect that their representatives should act disinterestedly and honourably in that character, it is to be hoped, that, at the general election, they will set a good example, by chusing them upon decided public principles, and not from private and personal considerations, however the feelings of friendship, or even near connections, may operate on their minds. I say this with the more disinterestedness, as I flatter myself in hoping that, from having lived among you from my birth, I may have formed friendships as sincere, and connections as binding, as a life of between fifty and sixty years has enabled me to do. I wish not however to avail myself of such advantages, but that you should be solely directed by motives perfectly unconnected with personal inducements.—I trust, that at last my personal friends will not think me presumptuous in recommending most earnestly to them to vote upon these principles, however such conduct may affect

Their very faithful and obedient servant,

JAMES MARTIN.”



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*ON IMPRISONMENT FOR SMALL DEBTS.*

ALL writers on ethics agree, that, when man relinquished the precarious pursuits of the chase, and formed himself into society, in order to give efficacy to law, and secure his possessions from the depredations of the strong, he forfeited a portion of his natural independence. That power, lodged in the hands of executive authority, to determine the punishment of crimes, and wield with dexterity the sinews of government, was essential to their perpetuity; and that the breach of moral obligation would be followed with punishment and the privation of liberty.

That these fundamental principles are requisite to prevent the decomposition of society, few will be disposed to question; but when we recollect that man, originally wild as the roving Indian, would surrender only so much of his liberty as was absolutely necessary for the combination of the social compact, it is a subject of regret, that many evils have arisen inconsistent with such primitive concession—evils which serve only to foment luxury and pamper villainy.

Imprisonment for small debts is among the most prominent abuses existing in the scale of moral abasement in this country. A man is often, from a trifling misfortune, doomed to drag out a miserable existence in a loathsome dungeon, separated from his wife, his family, and his connections, for the trifling sum of TEN POUNDS, without the means of reparation (as industry is denied him), and without the chance of awakening to sympathy the feelings of an inexorable creditor. That law which ordains the detention of the debtor, after the surrender and sale of his whole for the liquidation of a debt, is radically unjust; for “justice, being coincident with utility,” is there supplanted by revenge.

This is wrong in four ways—1st, Riches should never have a discretionary power over poverty, as it tends to depress the mind in adversity, and facilitate servitude.—2dly, It is a perversion of punishment; for “all punishment which does not arise from absolute necessity,” says the great Montesquieu, “is tyrannical.”—3dly, It is sanctioning a vindictive and

superfluous torment, to keep a poor delinquent on the rack of suspense (more galling than the bitterness of death) as to the time of liberation : it can only serve to fester and destroy his happiness, and increase his despair, which will be more acute in proportion to the strength of his mind, and his known inability to effect his deliverance.—4thly, It is a violent intrenchment on the original compact ; for mankind, by condensing themselves into society, intended to subject themselves to the fewest possible oppressions.

If men would only measure their actions by that great standard of Christian charity, “ Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them,” and dive into the dungeons of despair to take the gage and dimensions of human wretchedness and misery, sentiments of benevolence would soon break through the relics of barbarism, and the defects of our POOR LAWS,—laws which have sworn eternal enmity to the happiness of indigence.

That this has been the uniform sentiment of all literary men of the present age, a long catalogue of names (if names could add weight to arguments) might demonstrate. Among the literary host, it stands propped by the authority of Burke, who, when not warped by prejudice, and free from the dominion of faction, could, with an opulence and power of mind peculiarly his own, probe and unravel the most complex arguments, and dress truth in so fascinating a garb as to make even interest dwindle into insignificance. The following, like most of his speeches, is expressed with an epigrammatic neatness that combines both the elegance of Cicero and the logical precision of Aristotle. “ There are,” says he, “ two capital faults in our law with relation to civil debts; one is, that every man is presumed solvent (a presumption, in innumerable cases, directly against truth;) therefore is ordered, on a supposition of ability and fraud, to be coerced in his liberty until he makes payment. By this means, in all cases of civil insolvency, without a pardon from his creditor, he is to be imprisoned for life. And thus a miserable mistaken invention of artificial science operates to change a civil into a criminal judgment—to scourge misfortune or indiscretion with a punishment which the law does not inflict on very great crimes.—The next fault is, that the inflicting of that punishment is not on the opinion



of an equal and a public judge, but is referred to the arbitrary discretion of a private, nay interested and irritated individual. He who formally is, and substantially ought to be, the judge, is in reality no more than ministerial,—a mere executive instrument of a private man, who is at once judge and party. Every idea of judicial order is subverted by this procedure.—If the insolvency be no crime, why is it punished by arbitrary imprisonment?—If it be a crime, why is it delivered into private hands to pardon without discretion, or to punish without mercy and without measure?”

If we take into the account the expence of what is technically called “charging a prisoner in execution,” we will find that the money that is paid to the whole rabble that are invested with the inferior insignia of office deters many from prosecuting a just and legal claim, and calls loudly for the remedial interposition of the legislature. Small debts should be recovered in the most summary manner, and with the least expence. Even bigots must admit this; and few reasons can, I think, be assigned by the sons of sophistry, why a man, after having laid a month in jail without obtaining bail, and the sheriff having the plaintiff’s demand substantiated before him, should not have the power of awarding execution, without the parties being obliged to file declarations, pleas, &c. All the other tedious formula of law remain for those who are advocates for prolixity, and friends to the accumulation of expence on those who are groaning under the pressure of distress, to develope. Economy in these proceedings may properly be ranked among the cardinal virtues; for man in confinement is in a state of suspended animation, his wife and family probably preying upon the industry of others, and himself initiated into the chicane of villainy, and sunk into the lowest stage of human wretchedness.

Independent of the depravation of morals which must take place in these caverns of distress, and the multiplication of woe extended by consanguinity and friendship, great lots must be sustained by the country in a pecuniary point of view, if we can depend upon the accuracy of Dr. Johnson’s calculations. He takes the population of England at six millions, of which twenty thousand is the three hundredth part, who then were confined for debt. “If we estimate,”

says he, "at a shilling a day what is lost by the inaction and consumed by the support of each man thus chained down to involuntary idleness, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years, to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin."—We can have no reason, at this distressing and eventful period, to suppose any diminution in number of those poor miserable wretches groaning out, unpitied and unheard, a life of unnecessary misery, in those dreadful receptacles called prisons.—By the present law, a poor unfortunate debtor must spend the vigour of his days in prison, unless released by an act of insolvency, which is frequently very injurious to the creditor. If an institution similar to that of the MAISON DE FORCE, at GHENT, was set on foot, to be appropriated entirely to debtors, and the jailer to be compelled to treat them with indulgence and humanity, then distress might obviate the obduracy of avarice, and blunt the sting of oppression.—A very excellent plan is indeed suggested by the benevolent Howard, viz. that different sorts of manufactures and trades should be carried on within the walls of the prison, so that every one might pursue his own vocation: if he had not a handicraft trade, to be taught one. That the creditor should be obliged to pay, immediately after the arrest, regularly 4d. per day. This money, with such other additions as might be thought expedient, to be applied to the maintenance of the prisoner: what he earned by his industry to be applied towards the liquidation of his debts. Supposing he earned one shilling a day, a debt of 20l. would be paid off in little more than a year, and in ten years near 200l.

This plan is the suggestion of that truly great and exalted philanthropist, Mr. HOWARD, whose life appears to have been "a circumnavigation of charity," to meliorate the sufferings of misfortune, and increase the happiness of every intellectual and sensitive existence.—Little doubt can be entertained of its practicability; and its utility is apparent, when the same great man, in one of his excursions through England, found no less than six hundred prisoners confined for debts under 20l. doomed to spend the prime of life in these cells of wickedness, where their spirits, however erect and independent, must in time be broken by solitude, and their hearts corrupted by intrigue.



"The misery of jails," to use the language of Dr. Johnson, "is not half their evil: they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them; with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of despair. In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent: there are few fears, there are no blushes; the lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious: every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts which are practised on himself, and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners. Thus some sink amidst their misery, and others survive only to propagate villainy."

The whole subject is indeed so evident, that little diversity of opinion can arise as to the necessity of lopping off this peccant excrescence of our laws; for laws, when they cease to be useful, and become oppressive, ought to be repealed, however they may be consecrated by custom, or venerated by prejudice: but this, or any other plan that could be devised by human ingenuity, would soon be decried by the howl against innovation, the only armour by which placemen defend their intrenchments, and fatten on the credulity of mankind.

CARLIOLUS.

#### EXAMPLES OF FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

WHILE we travel over this transitory stage of existence, the object of our pursuit is happiness. Man is to-day captivated with the dazzling phantom, and to-morrow it eludes his search. Glory, riches, and beauty employ thousands of our species; to attain which, they forego the pleasures of social life, are harassed with anxiety, distressed by care, and teased by disappointment. The wants of mankind lie within a narrow compass: it is luxury, under the fictitious name of civilization, which distracts the happiness of humanity, and disturbs the peace of society. Instinct in man, while it points out to him the wants he labours under,

prompts him at the same time to relieve the distresses of others. This sympathy of feeling, the ingenuousness of nature, the simplicity of uncivilized life, is, alas ! too often a stranger to the affluent and the gay ; while this amiable virtue is found in the uncultivated Indian and the untutored savage. The instances of pure benevolence we are acquainted with in our own country are undoubtedly many ; but seldom have they exceeded the following examples of female philanthropy.

The famous traveller, Mr. Ledyard, in relating an account of the treatment he experienced from different nations, describes the hospitality of the women in terms of the most pathetic tenderness.—“ In wandering,” says he, “ through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia†, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar ; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so : and, to add to this virtue so worthy the appellation of benevolence, their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner (without the most distant prospect of the smallest return), that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught ; and, if hungry, I eat the coarsest meal with a double relish.”

In Mr. Edwards’s account of Parker’s late travels, he relates an account of his reception by the women on travelling along the banks of the Niger.—“ In travelling along the banks of the Niger, I was overtaken with a storm of thunder and rain, which drove me to seek shelter under a tree. As night approached, a poor negro woman, returning from the

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† This surprising traveller, who went round the world with Capt. Cook, undertook the hazardous expedition of traversing the vast continent of America, from west to east, by way of Russia. On this enterprise he only took ten guineas in his pocket.—From Stockholm he meant to cross the gulph of Bothnia, on the ice ; but, when he came near the middle, finding it not frozen, he was obliged to return, and went round by the head of that great sea, and passing through Finland, in the depth of winter, arrived at Petersburg. From thence he went to Siberia, as far as Kamscatka, on foot ; but, finding the passage across to America shut up with ice, he was forced to return to Yakutz. Here he was taken up by order of the Empress, and, without any reason given, was hurried away to the confines of Poland, where he was dismissed, with an order not to return to Russia.



labours of the field, observed that I was wet, weary, and dejected, and, taking up my saddle and bridle, told me to follow her. She led me to her cottage, where she regaled me with an excellent supper of fish, and gave corn to my horse; after which she spread a mat on the floor for my night's repose.—Having done these kind offices, she called in the female part of the family, who spun cotton for the greater part of the night, and relieved their labour by songs. One of them, which was sung in a sweet plaintive air, must have been composed extempore, as the literal translation of the words is as follows :

‘The winds roared and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.’—Chorus. ‘Let us pity the white man; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.’



### OBSERVATIONS ON “AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF TALENTS.”

— *Ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium.*— HOR.

IN the SATELLITE, No. I. there appeared a paper, entitled, “An Enquiry into the Nature of Talents,” under the signature of PHILANDER. This has long been a subject of controversy among philosophers. Philander has espoused that side of the question supported by the celebrated French philosopher Helvetius, who, I believe, maintained, that no man is superior to another with respect to original organization; that the capacity of receiving knowledge is equally possessed by all; and that the difference in intellectual attainments is solely to be imputed to different situations or circumstances; including under these terms every thing external to the person from the period of his first coming into the world. I am not conscious that the above is an unfair statement; but, if it is, I beg leave to be corrected. Thus then all is circumstances; that wide chasm between the philosopher and the most illiterate mechanic is owing to this cause alone. The comprehensive mind of the one proceeds only from accidental and extraneous causes, and not from any superior force or energy which it possesses. So far both are equal.

Philander, after observing that the dogmas of innate knowledge are not calculated for the eighteenth century, says, "all that the advocates for this opinion now contend for is, that Nature bestows the capacity for attaining knowledge. But this is still saying that she works with partiality; that she has divided the human race into different classes of wise men and fools; which is charging her with an inconsistency no way authorised by a survey of her works."—But do we not see how unequally the natural advantages of climate and soil are distributed? Is not Nature chargeable with partiality in the physical as well as in the moral world? In some countries she is so profuse of her gifts, that their very superfluity prevents men from enjoying them; in others again she is so niggardly, that the inhabitants, with their utmost efforts, can only procure a scanty subsistence. Besides, partiality is an attribute only to be ascribed to an animate and designing being. Nature has indeed been personified by poets, and even philosophers, as a real intelligence. In poetry this may be allowed, as it enlivens the description by offering something to the imagination of which it can take hold; but philosophy, disclaiming such aid, ought only to aim at exhibiting things as they are: and no more is meant by Nature than the aggregate of those invariable laws and energies by which this world is immediately governed.

I will here mention, once for all, that what I contend for is, not that men are born with particular talents for poetry, natural philosophy, or metaphysics; but, to excel in any of these, they must possess a superior degree of intellect; which, however, without favourable circumstances to call it forth, would lie dormant. This intellect then is entirely modified by circumstances—but by no means created by them. It will manifest itself in various ways, according to the progress which the society has made in civilization. In the early part of this progress, it displays itself chiefly in talents for war, and extraordinary dexterity in procuring subsistence; and, in the more advanced stages, in mental acquisitions, and in administering to the luxuries of mankind.—"I would like to be informed where all the talents were lodged in the dark ages antecedent to the Reformation."—We cannot doubt but that men were born then as well as now with extraordinary degree of talents; but, as I have remarked, it was differently modified. There was one man appeared about that æra, whose genius was equal to that of any who has existed since; I mean Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the most consummate general that ever commanded an army, and who was Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second.



“ It is obvious that a progress in arts, sciences, or civilization, is the result of human exertion ; that man is induced by habit to become a philosopher, an artist, or a poet.”—To assign habit as the cause of a man’s becoming a philosopher is absurd : its influence may indeed continue him one ; but, previous to this habit being formed, he must be at least in a great measure what habit is supposed to make him.—“ And it invariably happens, that, when a nation is best adapted to taste the beauties of their performances, then is the time which has produced the most celebrated and famous professors.”—Here, I think, Philander has fallen into the same error as above, in assigning one event as the cause of another, to which it is in reality consequent. Before a nation can possess a taste for the beauties of literature, this taste must be inspired either by one or a few individuals, who, by their genius, break through the obstacles which oppose them, and set a brilliant example for others to follow, till it is diffused through the whole community : and so far from genius being always called forth by national approbation, we often see that a relish for works of merit is confined to a very few contemporaries, and justice is not done to the merit of the authors till the succeeding age.

“ It may be objected, that, if excellence in science were so easily attained, why do not every age and country teem with philosophers ? The reason is obvious : the external objects of the world, the pleasures and enjoyments of sense, which are always the most prevalent in life, are the unconquerable and everlasting enemies to thought.”—A very insufficient reason this ; as these causes are general, so ought their effects. Why are a few persons exempted from their influence, and, in spite of the world and the pleasures of sense, become philosophers ? An easy solution offers ; because their organization renders them superior to the generality of mankind.—“ It may likewise be objected, upon what principles will you account for the proficiency of Shakespeare, Chatterton, and Burns—men who have been dignified with the appellation of Poets of Nature ? I answer it, by supposing the proficiency of these bards to be in the same degree as that of others who have attained perfection. Shakespeare and Burns could not have produced plays and poems without attentively studying the human character, and looking steadily at the works of Nature.”—Very true ; and it was this very faculty, which so few are found to possess, of attentively studying the human character, and looking steadily at the works of Nature, which constituted their superiority, and entitled them to the credit of having extraordinary talents. Philander has

allowed that these men might possess an "excessive sensibility, or feeling, which may be said to depend in some measure on the organization."---This is an irreconcilable contradiction. This sensibility is so essential to a poet, that probably there never was one without it; and Philander, by admitting this to depend on organization, has (though indirectly) advanced what it is the design of his Enquiry to combat, that men are fitted by Nature for particular pursuits.

"Goldsmith was, in the earlier part of his life, extremely averse to instruction: it was not till he arrived at maturity that he began to shew the dawns of what is called genius."---I have already observed, that, to form a man of knowledge, two things are necessary:---First, extraordinary talent, or capacity, depending upon organization; secondly, favourable circumstances to call it into action, without which it would lie dormant and useless. This instance of Goldsmith tends to prove, that, though when a boy, he had not actual knowledge, yet in the end he shewed beyond a doubt that he possessed a capacity for it, but, from some unfavourable circumstances, its operation was prevented.

*Alnwick.*

*HORTENSIUS.*

### A CERTAIN REMEDY IN PUTRID DISEASES.

**I**N this philosophical age, when diseases so often change their appearance from what physicians had any former experience of, it is a pleasing reflection, that the study of medicine has of late been so much simplified, and almost every distemper incident the human body so fully explained, as to come within the common apprehension of mankind.—The following facts, communicated to the world by the Rev. Mr Cartwright, afford an antidote for the most dangerous disease with which the human body can be afflicted; so that it is hoped one of the most crowded avenues to the grave is at length in a great measure closed.

"Seventeen years ago I went," says this benevolent clergyman, "to reside at Brampton, a populous village near Chesterfield. I had not been there many months before a putrid fever broke out among us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I early attend-



ed a boy about fourteen years of age, who was attacked by this fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other remedies as my books directed. My exertions were however of no avail: his disorder grew every day more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought for the last time, and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them, in the best manner I was able, to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed, in a small corner of the room, a tub of wort working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with, *of a piece of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation.* The idea flashed into my mind, that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of this disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every three hours. I then set out for my journey. Upon my return, after a few days, I anxiously enquired after the boy, and was informed he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, though I was greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on; I went directly to where he lived, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors. The boy himself opened the door, looked surprisingly well, and told me he felt better from the instant he took the yeast.

“After I left Brampton, I lived in Leicestershire. My parishioners being there few and opulent, I dropped my medical character entirely, and would not prescribe for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, accordingly the apothecary was sent for. His complaint a violent fever, which in its progress became putrid. Having great reliance, and deservedly, on the apothecary's penetration and judgment, the man was left solely to his management. His disorder however kept daily gaining ground, till at length the apothecary considered him in very great danger. At last, finding every effort to be of service to him baffled, he told me he considered it to be a lost case, and that in his opinion the man could not survive twenty-four hours. On the apothecary thus giving him up, I determined to try the effects of yeast. I gave him two large spoonfuls, and in fifteen minutes from taking the yeast his pulse, though still feeble, be-

gan to get composed and full. He, in thirty-two minutes from his taking it, was able to get up from his bed and walk in his room. At the expiration of the second hour, I gave him a basin of fago, with a good deal of lemon, wine, and ginger in it; he eat it with an appetite: in another hour I repeated the yeast; an hour afterwards I gave the bark as before; at the next hour he had food; next had another dose of yeast, and then went to bed—it was nine o'clock: he told me he had a good night, and was recovered. I however repeated the medicine, and he was soon able to go about his business as usual.

“About a year after this, as I was riding past a detached farm-house, at the out skirts of the village, I observed a farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On enquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me her father was dying. I dismounted, and went into the house to see him. I found him in the last stage of a putrid fever: his tongue was black; his pulse was scarcely perceptible; and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured down his throat. I then left him, with little hopes of recovery. I returned however in about two hours, and found him sensible and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He afterwards took, at a proper interval, some refreshment. I staid with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him, with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning at nine o'clock. I found him apparently well, and walking in his garden. He was an old man upwards of seventy.

“I have since administered the yeast to above fifty persons labouring under putrid fevers; and what is singular,” continues this benevolent man, “I have not lost a patient.”

From the above, we are lead to express a hope, that the ignorance of the quack will at length subside; that common sense, the only director of the concerns of life, will regulate the judgment of those who are so unfortunate as to be visited by a putrid fever; and that, when so simple and so easy a remedy can be obtained, the interested pretender to physic will be disappointed of his fee, and many a valuable member of society rescued from the grave.



## THE HERMIT.

WHEN slavery and oppression were alike unknown to the untutored Indian, near where the river Ganges rolls his waves, lived Nyfa, on the peaceful and fertile plains of Hindostan. His habitation was a cell, formed by the hand of Nature, on the declivity of a mountain; his food the production of a plat of ground he cultivated, or sometimes gathered from the fruit-trees which grew spontaneously on the adjacent hills; and water was the only beverage he was desirous of possessing.

Nyfa, though he had been brought up in all the effeminating luxuriancy of the east, and experienced the favours of Auringzebe, the powerful monarch of Hindostan, soon fell a victim to the ambitious views of a designing minister; by whose insinuations he was degraded from his office, and retired from the fatigue of public life—still however possessing innocence and virtue.

Though self-exiled from the bustle and grandeur of the world in which he had so long been an ornament, disgusted with the views of those around him, and the corrupt principles of men in power, he did not, like Timon and Afem,

‘Rave ’mid the howlings of the reckless storm,  
‘Repeating oft his hatred to mankind.’

Accustomed in his days of splendour to relieve the indigent, protect the innocent, and reward the virtuous, he could, even in this humble situation, make himself useful to his fellow-creatures: here the benighted and way-worn wanderer found an asylum from the ferocity of the brute creation, and was ever welcomed with the cheerful smile of hospitality. Whatever his unluxuriant board afforded was offered for his refreshment, the mossy couch was spread for his repose, while the easy gracefulness and interesting conversation of Nyfa deceived the hours of night, which insipid silence, or unmeaning trifles, contribute to protract and render tedious.

He had wandered some distance from his cell one evening, and was busied in contemplating the majestic variety of the surrounding mountains (now partially brought nearer by the rays of the sinking sun), and the fertility of the spreading vales along their proud bases, cultivated by the unerring hand of Nature, when suddenly the air darkened, and the lowering sky threatened an immediate storm. Struck with the impending gloom, he

hastened back to avoid the fury of the tempest, and scarce had reached his cell when the rain began.

After having carefully examined the actions of the preceding day, and paid a due devotion to the Author of his existence, he betook himself to rest: but, scarce had the overpowering influence of Sleep deprived him of his senses, when he was alarmed by a voice without, craving his assistance; and, hastening to the door of his cell, beheld with astonishment a youth quite spent and breathless with fatigue. Nyfa conducted him in, and placed before him the humble fare his house afforded; of which he gently partook with a seeming sense of gratitude. Being at length sufficiently recovered, his benefactor enquired of the gentle stranger (with a graceful freedom, which a knowledge of the world had long rendered familiar to him) who he was, and by what means he had come thither?—To which the youth modestly replied—‘I am Osymin, the only son of Alkinmoor, Governor of Naugracreet. Under the direction of Alnazor the Good I received my education. He instilled into my mind an early love of virtue, and a strict regard for probity and truth. The love of science increasing with my years, I cultivated a friendship with Alfreda, a youth who possessed a penetrating genius, which, joined with a love of the arts, made him my superior in knowledge, though inferior to me in point of birth.

‘A shew of rational principles, added to a vivacity of temper and an insinuating address, were sufficient qualifications to secure my esteem. I loved him sincerely; and, to endear myself to him the more, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest. He in return acknowledged his gratitude in a manner which effectually removed every suspicion. With a heart formed for social intercourse, I fondly imagined I beheld in Alfreda the instructor and the friend; but, alas! youth is too apt to listen to the insinuations of pretended friendship, and the draught of which we partake with pleasure oft contains a poison that destroys our future peace. Shall I be believed in saying he was base enough to impose upon my easy confidence? Yes, by those who know the frailty of the human heart. I yesterday received a convincing proof of his perfidy, a minute detail of which would only increase my uneasiness, without furnishing you with any useful information. The thought, that *he* was unworthy my friendship, filled me with inexpressible concern, anxiety, and regret. I retired to the bosom of a thick wood, whose shade secured me from the heat of the sun, and there indulged for a while the gloomy ideas which filled my imagination. My



thoughts were here lulled to a temporary forgetfulness of Alfreda, by the incessant murmuring of a river, whose course I followed, pondering oft on man's ingratitude, till I knew not where I was, nor wished to return. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and evening had bedewed the silent plains around me, when, to my surprise, the air darkened, and a thick gloom suddenly obscured the faint gleam of departing day; the clouds poured down rain in abundance, and the vivid lightening darted its dreadful fire along the wide expanse of heaven. Amid the howling of the winds, which hoarsely murmured through the trees, I wandered with hasty step, oppressed and chilled with the apprehension of surrounding danger. In this scene of terror, I discovered a faint light glimmering through a wood, and, forgetful of fatigue, soon gained the foot of the mountain, when Providence directed my wearied feet to thy peaceful habitation.'

'Human life,' replied the attentive Nyssa, 'is ever chequered with disappointments and blended with perplexities. It is a labyrinth, in whose mazy path we journey on, deceiving and deceived, till death puts an end to our material existence.—Happiness is the universal wish and aim of man; Reason suggests the surest means of attaining that state; Conscience holds out to us rules by which we may form a just conception of every action, and prove their pernicious or beneficial tendency; Prudence teacheth us to apply these rules to advantage; and Hope soothes the mind, by pointing onward to futurity, whenever Sorrow invades our peace. We are wisely taught to believe this life is but a state of trial preparatory to another, and with this state of probation happiness is inconsistent. If thou hast been unfortunate in thy connections with mankind, still thou mayest find a friend in Heaven, whose benign influence will fill thy mind with a divine love of religion, and whose silent admonitions will deter thy imagination from indulging one thought repugnant to virtue.

'The mind of man is an immaterial and self-directing power; its perceptions are at first superficial and contracted, often suffering a wrong bias from early prejudice, bad example, or a want of education; and it is only by cultivating inward rectitude, and by the divine aid of our Creator, that we can hope to obtain a thorough knowledge of our duty—and in this we ought to be indefatigable.

'Go now, my son, to thy repose. Remember that a life of virtue is a life of peace; that it is the daylight, the sunshine of the mind, and fills it with a perpetual serenity.'

*Carlisle.*

MARIA,

# POETRY.

## THE PRETENDER'S SOLILOQUY

ON HIS LEAVING SCOTLAND, IN THE YEAR 1746.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning;  
 The murmuring streamlets run clear thro' the dale;  
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green vale:  
 But what can seem pleasant, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care!  
     No flow'rs gaily springing,  
     Nor birds sweetly finging,  
 Can sooth the sad moments of joyless despair!

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,  
 A king and a father to set on his throne?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are those vallies,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none.  
 But it is not my suff'rings thus wretched forlorn—  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn!  
     Your faith stood so loyal,  
     In hot bloody trial—  
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

BURNS.

## THE BEE.

WELCOME May resumes her reign;  
 Laughter, Love, and Joy she leads;  
 While her fragrant short-liv'd train  
 Beam along the verdant meads.

Julia, mark yon wild flow'r gay!  
 The Bee now quits its open breast,  
 And to a fairer wings his way—  
 The gaudy riffer cannot rest.



How like that flow'ret many a fair  
 A while her base pursuer flies ;  
 But, if she yields, soon cank'ring Care  
 Preys on her bloom—she droops and dies.

*Carlisle, May, 1798.*

R. ANDERSON.

## S O N G.

BY THE LATE MISS BLAMIRE.

O URGE me not to wander,  
 And leave my pleasant native shore,  
 Where oft I did meander  
 On these lov'd banks I knew before :  
 The heart that's touch'd with sorrow  
 Can feel no joy in change of scene ;  
 Nor can the cheat, To-morrow,  
 Be ought but what to-day has been.

When Pleasure e'er o'ertakes me,  
 'Tis when I tread the wonted round,  
 Where former joys awake me,  
 And strew their relics o'er the ground :  
 There's not one shrub or flower  
 But tells some dear-lov'd tale to me,  
 And paints some happy hour,  
 That I, alas ! no more shall see.

*Burns's Epitaph on Johnny Dow, of Mauchlin.*

HERE lies JOHNY PIGEON, who, for his religion,  
 If ony are anxious to ken,  
 They maun follow the carl to the ither warl,  
 For here Johnny Pigeon had nane.

Sma' beer, persecution ; strong ale, absolution ;  
 A dram his MEMENTO MORI ;  
 A full flowing bowl the delight of his soul,  
 And port his celestial glory.

*Review of Public Affairs.*

## FRANCE.

TO the present unfettled state of this country is to be ascribed the continuance of warfare and contention in the world.—By dint of arms, she has compelled near one half of Europe to bend to her power and yield to her authority. To check the further growth, and repress the unbounded ambition of this republican hydra, the princes on the continent, in alliance with some neighbouring potentates, are combined for mutual defence, or effectual resistance. But, whatever plans they may have in agitation, the longer they defer the execution of them, the more dubious will be the result.—The mysterious expedition to Egypt seems still to remain unravelled. The accounts from that quarter are so vague and contradictory, that we are at a loss to detail with accuracy any event of importance. From Buonaparte's own dispatches, it appears that their success by land has been adequate to their expectations. On his march from Alexandria, he was obliged to engage with straggling hordes of Arabs and an army of Mamlouks: but it seems these obstacles were easily surmounted. The power of the Beys was exerted in the battle of the Pyramids; and upon the event of that engagement rested the fate of Egypt. The wonted success of Buonaparte awaited him; and, by the fortunate issue of that victory, Cairo, the depot of all their stores, fell into his hands; 2000 Mamlouks were slain, 400 camels, laden with baggage, and 50 pieces of canon, were taken, and the shipping belonging to the Beys was destroyed. In this action, the impetuosity and ferocity of the Mamlouks is represented to have been so terrible as to require all the steadiness of military discipline, and the havoc of French artillery, to check and counteract them: and, when once confusion is perceived in their ranks, they fall an easy prey to their enemies, and cannot possibly be rallied to be brought again into action.—Subsequent dispatches say, that the French have penetrated into Syria, where they have built a fortress; but the main body of the army still remains at Cairo. They have had repeated skirmishes with the remnant of the Beys, and fortune is still favourable to them. The account of Buonaparte's assassination and butchery of his army appears improbable. Such a report may have originated from some conflict with the Beys, in which the French have perhaps met with some disaster, or some of their general officers may have been killed.—The news of Nelson's victory certainly tended to animate the desponding enemies of France. The deputies of the German empire, at Rastadt, began to rise in their demands; while those of France made new and unlooked-for concessions: but the directory, that they might not lose sight of their own consequence, got a decree passed for raising 200,000 men by requisition, and a large sum was voted to supply the loss of their navy. They appear however at present solicitous to maintain peace with the emperor, if we recollect th: late occur-



rence of the territory of the Grisons being invaded without any opposition from the French.—The late law for raising men in France has produced tumults and insurrections in the interior of the country, and a formidable conspiracy has shewn itself in Belgium, with the design (as is generally supposed) to throw off their allegiance to their new masters : but it appears probable that this insurrection cannot be of long duration, as the Belgians are represented to be routed in every direction.—The King of Prussia seems still undetermined respecting the new coalition : but he has shewn himself of late to lean to the side of Germany, in the animated notes he has sent to the congress at Raftadt.—The ultimatum of the French plenipotentiaries being accepted of by the German deputies, leaves us little room to doubt that a peace will be concluded with the empire. Perhaps the emperor, in his capacity of King of Hungary, may take the field in behalf of his brother of Naples : but we advance this only as a conjecture.

#### ITALY.

This devoted country seems fast approaching to a complete revolution. The conduct of Naples in receding from the principle of her treaties with France, in refusing her supplies, and even threatening a punishment to those who should assist the besieged in Malta, will tend to irritate and call down the vengeance of her republican neighbours. He has no doubt been flattered with the prospect of assistance from Germany and Russia ; and the presence of Admiral Nelson, and the other powerful fleets which rule in the Mediterranean, were probably motives which actuated this power to throw down the gauntlet, and enter the lists against France. Policy might have suggested a little patience, till he had actually received such assistance as he was led to expect :—but, in the present appearance of affairs, we pretend to no great foresight, when we apprehend he will follow the fate of his holiness the Pope.—Championet, the commander of the republican army, has already given proofs, either of the valour of his own, or the pusillanimity of the Neapolitan troops ; for he has succeeded in defeating them in every direction, without any material check.—The conduct of the King of Sardinia is to us inexplicable. His fate is a phenomenon in modern politics. He might have been compelled to abandon his Piedmontese dominions ; but deliberately to renounce his claims, and convey them into the hands of the French general, without the smallest opposition, betrays the mind of a fanatic, or the terror of a coward. He is a descendant of the Stuart family ; and his fate is similar to that of James II. in abdicating the throne, of whom it is said—“ His reign was a scene of tyranny, and he left his throne to avoid the punishment which he merited.”—He has taken refuge in flight, and will probably follow the plan of fallen princes, immure himself in a monastery in his island of Sardinia.

#### IRELAND.

After the horrors of civil war which have raged in this unfortunate country for several months past, we are glad to hail the prospect of the return of the halcyon days of peace. The daring leader, HOLT,

has at length surrendered to government, no doubt under the condition of his banishment.—Among the prisoners on board *LA HOCHÉ*, an 84 line of battle ship, taken by Admiral Warren, was the singularly noted character, *THEOBALD WOLFE TONE*. He was one of the original projectors of the plan of the United Irishmen. His activity in that cause obliged him to forsake his native country, and take refuge in France, where he was no less assiduous in promoting the interests of the conspiracy than he had been at home. His behaviour when a prisoner was remarkable; and, when brought to his trial, he behaved with firmness and intrepidity; acknowledged the charge brought against him, and appeared to glory in the cause he had embarked in, and which he called “the same in which Washington had succeeded and Kosciuszko failed.” He entreated of the court, as a soldier holding a commission from France, that he might, like the emigrant, *Sombriul*, be shot. His request was denied him; but the night previous to his execution he cut his throat, of which he died.—The system of pillage and murder still prevails in the country, and the rumour of insurrection is not yet laid aside: but we observe with pleasure, that the restraints of martial law are suspended in Balfast, and the principal towns of the north.—A fresh topic of discussion is still keeping alive the feuds of party, and sowing fresh seeds of animosity among the people; we mean the union of the two kingdoms. What would be its consequences to Ireland is highly problematical. One part of the kingdom relishes the project, as tending to promote their trade and extend their commerce; whilst another deprecates the measure, as one of the greatest evils that could possibly visit them.—The old distinctions of Orange men have arisen in Dublin; and the tumults they have occasioned are disgraceful, owing to the insults they have offered the amiable viceroy, and in which they seem to despise his authority.—In

#### BRITAIN,

the determination of the legislature is still for war. His Majesty, who, on the 20th of November, opened the business of the session, dwelt upon the signal successes of his fleets and armies, and congratulated his faithful Lords and Commons on the event of Admiral Nelson's enterprise; the accession of the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte to the common cause; and on the rebellion being repressed in Ireland. He told the gentlemen of the House of Commons, that the produce of the permanent revenue was fully adequate to our increased expenditure; the national credit was improved, and the commerce and industry of the nation were flourishing; that the present situation of affairs unhappily rendered heavy expences indispensable, but our resources would enable us to provide the necessary supplies, without any essential inconvenience. He concluded with relying with the utmost confidence on our efforts to enable him to conduct the contest in which we were engaged to a safe and honourable conclusion.—The minister has in agitation a new-system of finance, viz. raising the supplies within the year, which is certainly the most prudent, and, if effectually carried into execution, would ultimately be the most



advantageous for the nation. Posterity would not be burdened with a national debt, and we would soon know the extent of our abilities for the prosecution of a war.—The new Tax on Income, intended as a substitute for the the Tripple Assessment of last year, is, if properly modified, the most equitable that could be suggested. The only thing to be apprehended in its operation, is the system of disclosure, and which in a mercantile country becomes highly objectionable. There is reason to suppose that the tax will bear hard upon men of middling rank, which will probably be the means of rendering the other taxes less productive.—We cannot but regret the cause which induced our legislature to suspend that valuable privilege, the Habeas Corpus Act, the suspension of which continues to May, 1799.—An additional proof of British prowess has lately manifested itself under General Stuart, in taking the island of Minorca from the Spaniards. This island will prove a valuable acquisition, owing to its excellent harbour (Port Mahon), which will be a safe retreat for our ships in the Mediterranean, and enable us to keep in check the cruisers of France.

In reflecting on the present politics of Europe, there is little consolatory to the friend of liberty and of mankind. The French government has departed from the grand principle on which they professed to enter into war, to indulge in visionary schemes of aggrandisement, and to acquire conquests, which in the end will be destructive to them. They forget that the nation only which is happy and at peace is truly great. They neglect the means of internal greatness, peace, and industry, to pursue a false glory, which dazzles only to mislead and destroy.—With respect to ourselves, “we are still convinced that the return of peace ought to be the principal, the sole object with the British government; and that no colonial acquisitions can be an adequate compensation for even a single year of war. We are not of that class of politicians who are disposed to despair of our country; but our finances are deranged, and a season of tranquillity is necessary to restore them. Our commerce may not in appearance be diminished; yet, if the expences with which it is at present burdened be taken into consideration, it can yet scarcely be said to be in a flourishing state. Our military arrangements may possibly be necessary for the security of the nation; but we are convinced that they are calculated ultimately to enervate and diminish its industry, which is the sole advantage that Britain possesses over other European nations—its guardian, its support.”

*The favours of correspondents shall be acknowledged in our next.*

END OF NO. II.

[Some Arrangements respecting the more regular Publication of the *SATELLITE* being about to be made, it is hoped that, after the Appearance of the Fourth Number, no subsequent Delay will take Place.]

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N<sup>o</sup>. III.

OF THE

**SATELLITE,**

OR

REPOSITORY OF LITERATURE;

CONSISTING OF

*MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS*

(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL),

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.

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*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* PERSII SAT.

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An usefess light is all that knowledge gives,  
If not imparted what the mind receives. CRITO.

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CARLISLE,

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By whom COMMUNICATIONS (Post-paid) will be thankfully received  
and punctually acknowledged.



## ANECDOTES, &c.

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When the Dublin stage was under the management of Mr. Ryder, Moss, who is a good low comedian, but full of the furor of extravagance in his acting, played the part of Lovegold, in the comedy of the *MISER*: to give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming as loud as he could, "You have got my money, and I'll keep your wig till you return it." The enraged musician, when the play was ended, flew to the green-room, and insisted on Moss *giving* him satisfaction.—"Pho, pho," replied the player, "misers never *give* any thing."

The late Mr. Foote used to pass much of his time at the seat of Sir Francis Blake Delavall. During one of his visits, he happened to be looking at some pigs belonging to Sir Francis, which had a few minutes before been served with their morning's meal, and observed a silver spoon thrown among their victuals: the grunting community making more than common noise, caused one of the maids to go and endeavour to silence them, and not observing Mr. Foote, she cried in a pet, "Deuce take the pigs, what a noise they make."—"Well they may, you jade," replied Foote, "when they have got but one silver spoon among 'em all."

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JUVENIS.**—We would recommend him to try some other walk in the paths of literature, where his classical knowledge may appear to more advantage. His poem is too unintelligible for our purpose.

**ANON.**—The ballad is too prolix: it has beauties, but they are lost in its extreme length.

**NATURA.**—We will thank him for another copy of his essay, as part of it was torn away before it reached us.

**ANONYMOUS** would have given us the best proof of his "moral feelings" by paying the postage of his letter.

A correspondent in Scotland has given us a sketch of the character of the late Lord DAER. As we conceive his character was cast in a mould of "Virtue's form," we would solicit some ingenious friend, or admirer of that worthy man, to favour us with a few memoirs of his life, as the sketch sent us is too imperfect for publication.

**PHILANDER, ATTICUS, and HORTENSUS,** shall appear in our next.

We solicit a continuance of the communications of **CARLIOLUS, MARIA,** and other literary friends, who have occasionally favoured us with their assistance.

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THE  
*SATELLITE.*

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No. III.  
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MEMOIRS OF CATHARINE THE SECOND, LATE  
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE characters which occasionally may be of service to the world are those which, by profligacy, tyranny, and other enormous crimes, create an universal abhorrence among mankind; while, on the other hand, the patriot and the benefactor of the human race affords a pattern for imitation and a stimulus to virtue. The former of these comes under our immediate consideration; and, as her successor seems to be pressing forward into the bustle of contention and warfare, a short sketch of her conduct and her politics becomes somewhat interesting at this particular period.

The late Empress of Russia, Catharine II. was the daughter of Christian Augustus, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, and was baptized Sophia Augusta; but, on her marriage with the Grand Duke of Russia, 1745, and consequent admission into the Greek church, she assumed the name of Catharine. On the death of Elizabeth, her husband Peter III. ascended the throne, in the year 1762; but he had scarcely reigned six months, when the machinations of his wife deprived him of his crown, and put a period to his existence. This horrid transaction, though affected to be involved in obscurity, appears to admit of little doubt. She continually shewed the most marked aversion to the Emperor before he wielded the reins of government; but when that event took place, the cabals of her partizans were carried on so openly as scarcely to deceive the most partial observer. No man but Peter could be so much mistaken; but his unsuspicious behaviour was such, that, though his most confidential servants told him



of the conspiracy against him, he was so fully convinced of their falsehood, that every insinuation to that effect put him in a passion. Catharine succeeded in deposing her unfortunate husband, and immediately was proclaimed Empress of all the Russias. She had attained the object of her ambition, and she now laboured to conceal the inglorious path which brought her to the throne, by plunging the nation into a war. She so far succeeded, that she obtained the name of a GREAT monarch; but, as the acceptation of the word greatness does not usually convey the idea of goodness, she may not improperly lay claim to the ignoble title. It is an ingrateful reflection however to consider, that those actions, falsely called GREAT, should be effected at the expence of the happiness of millions; that whole nations should be involved in misery to procure the empty name. Her policy was somewhat similar to that of Elizabeth of England, in selecting ministers, generals, &c. to manage her affairs. Her great exploits may be therefore attributed to the natural strength of the empire, the force of which she laboured to collect and concentrate, rather than to any personal abilities which she possessed. As to the propriety of her plans and the justice of her measures, few need enquire. She was a tyrant in every sense of the word; and, as her caprices and her will were judged equally proper, the validity of her measures was never disputed by either her ministers or commanders. Her unwarrantable claims upon Turkey can only be equalled by her unjust invasion of Poland. With respect to her conduct in that unfortunate country, it affords as flagrant an instance of the violation of all laws, human and divine, as is to be found in the annals of barbarous savages in any age. Who can reflect without horror on the massacre of Ismael? To spare neither age nor sex, the harmless matron nor the inoffensive citizen, but all, without discrimination and without mercy, to be imolated upon the altar of her ambition, and afterwards sacrilegiously offer up her thanksgiving to heaven for the success of this enterprise, betrays such a callousness to every feeling of humanity and every sentiment of justice, as even to exceed the barbarity of Nero and the cruelty of Genghis Khan. If her ambition instigated these unprovoked attacks upon other nations, it fortunately happened that she was sometimes foiled in her career of injustice. She had, like Elizabeth, her favourites; and, like Elizabeth, she had too, in the person of her freed man Sabor, an Essex, who de-

ceived her. She was ruled by him so effectually, as even to be imposed upon respecting the condition and strength of her forces. Her military lists, in the war with Persia, amounted to 400,000, but no more than 200,000 were ever brought into the field; the consequence of this was defeat and disaster, and by which two of her armies were consumed. Her success in Austria and Poland is to be ascribed to the fortunate choice she made of able ministers, rather than to any other cause. The policy she held with other nations was so fluctuating and uncertain, that, without any apparent motive, she became the herald of liberty, or the advocate for despotism: but, without much discernment, it might appear that her predominant passion was political aggrandisement.—During the war with America, one would have supposed that the trident of Neptune was, under her flag, to become the sacred symbol of Liberty. She presented a memorial to the courts of London, Versailles, and Madrid, in which she insisted that the commerce of all nations, even the belligerent powers, should be free and respected. She even deputed Prince Gallitzin to the General States, to propose a league that should be formed for its support. But mark the insidious contrast. In the year 1793 she avowed principles of a directly opposite nature. Influenced solely by the inveteracy of her rage, she denounced the severest vengeance against the upstart republicans, and declared war against France, without discussion, without manifesto, and without being capable of alleging a reason, or even that barbarous maxim which has slipped from the pen of Montesquieu, “that the law of natural defence sometimes involves the necessity of attack, when a people sees that a longer peace would enable another power to effect their destruction.”

With such an insatiable ambition, who could have supposed that this woman had a taste for literature,—that she rewarded men of letters,—and that she was the patron of genius. That she was entitled to the panegyric of philosophers, we are not acquainted with; but that several men of letters were rewarded for their abilities, that she patronized their works, and even affected a regard for the authors, is indubitable. Her purchasing the libraries of Voltaire and D'Alembert evinced her literary taste, unless it was with a view, as a late writer suspects, to bury the relics of these great men. “But her refusal,” he adds, “to give effect to the useful instructions collected under her orders, by the learned travellers of the



academy of Petersburg, under the direction of Pallas and Gmelin, proves clearly that the desire of a vain lustre, rather than the real utility of nations, was the motive of the protection she affected to give to artists and men of letters."—Like the tyrants of antiquity, she revived the singular practice of royal and philosophic banquets. At her suppers, she was attended by all the philosophers she could collect; but the imperial resentment was sometimes excited, on which occasions she rewarded the wit with banishment instead of a laurel—a favour which Diderot was unfortunate enough to receive, as a premium for his frankness.—The well-earned compliment she paid to that great orator, Mr. Fox, in placing his bust between those of Cicero and Demosthenes, in her library, for his having prevented the threatened war with Russia, reflects honour on her taste, and on the memory of that great public character. The strongest feature of her private character was her antipathy to her son Paul, the present emperor. He owes his safety to the public, else it is probable the young prince would have experienced a similar fate with his father. The ambition of Potemkin would eagerly have sought an opportunity to gratify the murderous inclination of the prince's mother, if the deed could have been perpetrated with impunity, but the public had not yet forgot the tragical end of his father, and they watched with great tenderness over the offspring, which was one day to rule over them.—As an instance of their attachment, Prince Paul being one day indisposed, the people surrounded the castle, and insisted upon seeing him. The empress, pale, trembling, and apprehensive for her own safety, was obliged to bring him forward to satisfy the public anxiety.—This wonderful woman at length finished her extraordinary career, and paid the debt of nature, on the 17th of Nov. 1796, suddenly and unseen, in her water closet.

In concluding this memoir, we shall give a short sketch of different opinions respecting her. The first is written by M. de la Croix, and the second is anonymous. In speaking of Russia, he says—"This mighty empire was grossly hewn out by Peter the Great. The rough form of this colossal figure was softened by Elizabeth; and it has received more of the human appearance from the able hands of Catharine II.

who, by the instructions which she gave the commissioners charged with preparing a new code of laws, has proved herself worthy of governing a great empire. She has done more by her equity and her beneficence than all the generals have done by their warlike virtues. It is of little advantage to so vast an empire to have its bounds extended. Its true welfare is more essentially promoted by favouring population by wise laws; by encouraging industry; by increasing its riches by commerce; by cultivating the arts, and reconciling them to a stubborn soil, ungenial to their nature; by meliorating the manners of a still savage race of nobles; and by communicating sensibility to a people whom the roughness of their climate had rendered impenetrable to all the soft affections and social virtues of humanity. These are the works which already make the name of Catharine illustrious, and which will reflect so much glory on her memory"—The following places her in a less glorious point of view:—

“ Base counterfeit of all that’s mild and good !  
 The Lord’s anointed—with a husband’s blood !  
 Thro’ blood now wading to a foreign throne,  
 Exulting o’er expiring Freedom’s groan.  
 Lover of men, yet scourge of human kind ;  
 Compost of lust and cruelty combin’d :  
 Still for new kingdoms struggling, dost thou brave  
 Threescore and ten years and the yawning grave ?  
 Thy mad ambition wilt thou never curb,  
 But still with wars the weary world disturb ?  
 Thou PROOF of HELL !”—— A.

### ON THE ADVANTAGES ARISING FROM THE STUDY OF CHEMISTRY.

**I**N turning our attention to the progress of knowledge in former ages of the world, it is sufficient to astonish a reflecting mind, that the most useful and sublime discoveries should have been treated as the emanations of witchcraft, or the machinations of the devil. Galileo was esteemed a heretic for declaring that our earth was a globe, and that there were antipodes; and the author of the art of printing was held a most dangerous



and wicked character, because all his books were found exactly similar to each other.—The sixteenth century (the æra of Galen and other philosophers) produced men of genius, who diffused doctrines over Europe which seemed to defy all opposition. At this time the golden dreams of alchemists evanished, and science, by slow degrees, began to force its way into the world. The study of CHEMISTRY opened a new and comprehensive field for physical investigation. Paracelsus, the opponent of Galen, by his industry and penetrating genius, made many discoveries of the virtues of mercury and antimony, and even introduced the use of opium. In spite of the power of his enemies, he circulated his doctrines so effectually, that early in the seventeenth century there were no physicians in Europe of any celebrity but the disciples of Paracelsus. His successors in this field of science were many; but they were still obliged to combat the prejudices of mankind and the persecutions of priests. Van Helmont was accounted a magician, and was tortured by the inquisition, because he was the most celebrated philosopher and chemist of his day. It is said of this great man, that he discovered, in the middle of last century, many of those important facts which adorn the writings of our Priestleys and Lavoisiers of the present day. He first gave the name of *gas* to those vapours which resemble the air we breathe; and he illustrated his theory by some phenomena of the animal œconomy, such as the suffocation of workmen in mines, the accidents occasioned by the vapour of charcoal, and that destructive atmosphere which is breathed in cellars where spirituous liquors are in fermentation. He accounts for several diseases upon this principle; and ascribes the propagation of epidemical disorders to those noxious vapours with which the air is sometimes infected.

Had the progress of chemical knowledge stopt here, it would have been of little importance to the world, as the facts which were already discovered were so distorted by every new theorist, that they only tended to render the study unsatisfactory and obscure; but the great BACON, whose comprehensive mind saw the immense advantage that might result to the world in general, and to this nation in particular, from this branch of philosophy, advised the collecting of facts, and the comparing of these deliberately, in order to discover the causes and circumstances upon which they depended. Thus, says he, can a satisfactory system be only produced.—If experiments are not directed by theory, they may be a blind feeling; but theory without ex-

periment is deceitful and uncertain. This sagacious philosopher attained his object; for he soon completely banished that dark and abstruse philosophy which was built upon conjecture alone.

On the very day that Bacon died the famous BOYLE was born! The opulence of his circumstances enabled him to pursue with ardour the path which Bacon recommended, and he was amply qualified for the task. He was possessed of a penetration and ingenuity of mind which, in experimental philosophy, serve to point out the shortest and most simple as well as useful experiments, and which enabled him to deduce the most important truths from the simplest and most insignificant facts.—Hales, Boerhaave, and others, enriched the world by their useful labours. The first, by his great number of experiments on vegetable, animal, and mineral substances; likewise into the effects of fermentation, chemical dissolutions and combinations, the combustion of bodies, and respiration; and the latter upon his improvement of these experiments.

Hitherto chemistry, though it was much advanced, had been treated in a desultory manner; but it was reserved to the immortal BECHER to collect the number of facts that were discovered, to generalize them, and form a system. This man, whose genius equalled his knowledge, saw with a single glance the immense number of chemical phenomena. He invented a theory that soon obtained credit throughout Europe. He was invited to Vienna, where he contributed to the establishment of several manufactures, a chamber of commerce, and an India company; but the jealousy of ministry finally accomplished both his disgrace and his ruin. He was not less unfortunate at Mentz, Munich, and Wurtzburg, which determined him to go to Haerlem, where he invented a machine whereby a great quantity of silk might be worked in a little time, and with few hands. New disgraces and misfortunes however awaited him, and he was obliged to retire to England, and he died in London, at the age of fifty-seven, of a broken heart.—STAHL, the Prussian, next followed the footsteps of the illustrious Becher. It was the opinion of these two philosophers, that *fire* enters into the composition of all inflammable bodies, and into metals and most minerals, and in that condensed state it was called *phlogiston* (latent fire), to distinguish it from its free state. They tell us that fire (phlogiston) is actually a material body, and liable to be modified by the influence of circumstances. In bodies liable to burn it exists in a latent state; place them in circumstances in



which combustion is produced, you then will behold it, perceive it operate, and feel its influence. In bodies, as metals, though you do not perceive the flame, yet you will discover this principle by the alteration of their properties.

Perhaps the next of eminence was the ingenious Dr. BLACK, of Edinburgh, who discovered that certain substances, such as *marble, chalk, and limestone*, were insoluble in water; but, on undergoing the action of fire, they assumed directly contrary properties; that, as in their former state, they effervesced with acids; but, when burnt, it was the reverse; and being easily dissolved in water, so as to form a transparent liquor; and, likewise, they were rendered so caustic as to corrode all animal and vegetable substances. He discovered, that, by the process of fire, they lost half their former weight; and, when treated with acids, the compound weighed lighter than before. This which was lost he proved to be a permanent elastic fluid, which he denominated *fixed air*, deprived of which, the residue was caustic, or *quick lime*. This celebrated philosopher attracted the attention of contemporary chemists, who applied this new doctrine to medicine, to which it has proved one of the most efficacious assistants that ever was invented. Dr. Macbride, that amiable and learned physician, established its salutary application in diseases of a putrid nature, by introducing fixed air into the system, and it has since been corroborated by the testimony of Beddoes, Rush, and Trotter.†

At length the immortal PRIESTLEY arose, who, with a mind possessed of fortitude, and an intuitive genius, entered upon his philosophic career, and proceeded with such unexampled success, that he excited the admiration and surprise of the learned world. It is impossible to do justice in this essay to his numerous and useful discoveries. To him we are indebted for the new modelling as it were the whole science of chemistry, by the discovery of vital air, which he denominates *dephlogisticated air*. And it is a curious fact, that this discovery was at the same time found out, though by a different process, by the foreign chemist Schele.—Soon after, however, the famous Lavoisier introduced the anti-phlogistic theory, which, though combated by the united talents of Black, Kirwan, and Priestley, who, in their turn, were at last convinced of the new doctrine, has become a general opinion throughout Europe.

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† As an instance of the efficacy of this valuable chemical discovery, see No. H. page 45, of the SATELLITE.

Among the numerous discoveries in this useful branch of science, the most singular perhaps whatever, is that of plants emitting *vital air* and absorbing *fixed air*. After it was communicated to the Royal Society, the President gave their thanks to Dr. Priestley in a most eloquent speech.—“From your discoveries,” says Sir John Pringle, “we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain, but that, from the oak in the forest to the grass in the field, every individual plant is of service to mankind; if not always distinguished by some medicinal virtue, yet making a part of the whole, which cleanses and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose-tree and deadly nightshade co-operate: nor is the herbage, nor woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions, unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them the *fixed air* issuing from our lungs, while they send out *vital air* for us.”

From what cause do we enjoy the superiority over other nations in our trade and manufactures? It is owing to the chemist. From his laboratory springs the cause which operates on the engine which moves the hammer to model the iron.—Owing to him the miner can with safety descend into the bowels of the earth, and procure us coal and lead and minerals of every description. It is from this that the manufactures of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the potteries of Staffordshire, have acquired so much celebrity. Birmingham and Sheffield have arisen to a degree of importance which nothing but the labours of the chemical philosopher could have conferred. A science, therefore, which gives us a name of consequence, which is the origin of our fortune and our fame, should be held dear in society, and communicated to our children.

R. M.

## FUNERAL EULOGIUM ON DR. FRANKLIN.

BY MIRABEAU.

**F**RANKLIN is dead.—The genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the Divinity.

The sage to whom two worlds lay claim, the man for whom science and politics are disputing, indubitably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

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The cabinet of princes have long been in the habit of notifying the death of those who were great only in their funeral orations. Long hath the etiquette of courts proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy. Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage only those who have been the heroes of humanity.

The Congress hath ordered, in the fourteen confederate states, a mourning of two months for the death of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and America is at this moment paying the tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution.

Were it not worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to pay our share of that homage now rendered in the fight of the universe, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who most contributed to extend the conquests of Liberty over the face of the whole earth. Antiquity would have reared altars to that vast and mighty genius, who, for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven in his ideas, could tame the rage of thunder and of despotism. France, enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of philosophy and liberty.

I move you to decree, that the National Assembly shall wear mourning three days for the late Benjamin Franklin, which was not only unanimously agreed to, but received with the most enthusiastic bursts of applause.



### ON THE IMPRESSING OF SEAMEN.

**WHEN** the business of government requires exertion and expedition, it is the indispensable duty of its officers to take the most efficacious means towards the attainment of the objects in view. This is a mode of reasoning none will controvert, and none ought to counteract. But when the means employed to attain these measures become a question of propriety, the good man must be awake to a sense of his duty, and endeavour to correct the abuse, or rectify the evil, and also to point out some alteration of the system, or improvement of the plan.

It is a maxim in our constitution, that no man can be deprived of his liberty without his own consent, unless he violates the laws of the land. This is an invaluable advantage, a natural privilege, and ought to be kept inviolate. Instances are too many where one individual has been oppressed by another; where the overbearing creditor has become the ruin of the unfortunate tradesman, and the landlord the tenant; where the robber has beggared the defenceless traveller, or the merchant has fallen a prey to the unprincipled pirate. These are evils which the legislature cannot foresee, and therefore cannot prevent. But when the IMPRESSING OF SEAMEN comes under our consideration, we are compelled to hesitate, and deprecate an evil of the greatest magnitude, and of the utmost importance to the happiness of a large portion of the most valuable part of the community. For what purpose has government bestowed the utmost attention towards the extending of our commerce?—Has Clive and Cornwallis fought in the wilds of Hindostan, to secure our possessions in India—has Cook circumnavigated the world—has Chatham laboured to establish a permanent fishery on the banks of Newfoundland and the Hebrides of Scotland, and to extend our trade to the West Indies and America—have these great national objects been attained, at a vast expence of blood and treasure, solely to rear a supply of seamen to be kidnapped? Like the ox fattening for the market, is he taken care of only to be butchered? If this were the principle upon which our distant colonies were established and our commerce extended, it would be better if there never had been a Columbus nor a Cook.

It would be harsh to impute such a motive to any minister; but the abuse of the practice of impressing seamen has become so flagrant, that it justifies animadversion, and calls aloud for the interference of the legislature, to substitute some other method for procuring a supply of seamen, than by forcibly tearing the parent from his home, and seizing on the unwary sailor (perhaps just returned from a long voyage), without having it in his power to settle any domestic concerns, and provide for his wife and family.

The only argument for impressing seamen is, that it is impossible to procure an adequate supply by any other means, and



consequently is never resorted to but on the most important occasion. This is a most vague and inaccurate mode of reasoning. I would ask by what means our standing army and our militia regiments are supplied with men? The first is by bounties, and the latter by ballot. Have the same methods ever been resorted to in raising seamen? This plan, though never thought of, is not unworthy of an attempt; and, as there is too much reason to believe that the mutinies in the navy arise principally from this source, any endeavour to prevent a repetition of similar evils in future would be truly patriotic.

On a supposition that one half of the seamen belonging to England, Scotland, and Ireland were immediately wanted—a circumstance which never happened;—were these seamen registered at the different ports, they might be procured in a single day, by the simple method of balloting. As each community would be made responsible for its own, an evasion could not possibly take place. An embargo on all ships leaving port for a certain number of days is a measure which is generally adopted in cases of seamen being wanted, and should the sailors desert their vessels and fly into the country when the ballot took place, they should in that case be made liable to be impressed. Admitting that three men out of every four were wanted, the alternative is obviously preferable, as each man stood a fair chance of being excused, and not subject to the future alarm of being dragged from his home by a press-gang, and treated like a criminal.—The number of ships on voyages should, on their arrival at their respective ports, be regulated as above; and, as there are few vessels employed on any expedition that requires more than six months, there need be little dread of an invasion that could not be foreseen and prevented in that period.

At all events the measure should be modified, if not entirely changed; were it only to confine the practice of impressing to all vagrants and people who have no visible or lawful trade, and adopt the system of ballot and voluntary entrance with the deficiency.

There is indeed one exception to the injustice of impressing, which the Board of Admiralty sometimes adopts when applications are made; but, as it is impossible all sailors can apply,

it is only partial.—Even this has become a flagrant evil, for it is frequently made use of by the unprincipled understrappers belonging to the Board only as a decoy. The alarmed seamen, when he gets ashore, purchases a protection, which he thinks will ensure him from danger, but ere the lapse of a day, he is too frequently immured in the dungeon of a tender.

It is a subject of wonder, that government winks at such gross depravity, and such glaring perversion of the principles of our constitution. In many instances these emissaries of power do certainly act directly contrary to their orders, and when they do, they should be brought to justice. In a recent transaction in the Isle of Man, they not only seized upon the inoffensive fishermen, but even tradesmen and farmers, and indeed in a great measure ruined the herring fishing in one part of the island for the season.

As this circumstance may be but partially known, a short relation of the event may not be improper in this place.—About the beginning of the season appearances promised fair for an excellent herring fishing; boats and nets were collected, and all who had shares in these, with their friends, assembled for the purpose of lending their assistance.—Several hundred boats were employed, and had caught considerable quantities: but their success was soon interrupted. One night all the boats had shot their nets, and were leaning on their oars, expecting a considerable produce, when a vessel in the king's service, which had been hovering about the island for several days, made its appearance; but, as there had never been an instance of impressing fishermen at their employment, they were entirely unsuspecting. The scene however soon changed; the press-gang broke through their fleet of boats, and laid hold of every man they could meet with. Every one considering his own safety, they cut their nets, and made the best of their way ashore. Eighty men were impressed that night, the most of whom were immediately taken to Portsmouth: a few of them got off on account of their being volunteers. But the mischief was not the loss of the men only. It is a well-known fact, that the prosperity of the island depends principally on its herring fisheries, and when they are unfortunate, or unsuccessful, their trade is very inadequate to their support, and the poor



are completely miserable throughout the rest of the year.— In this instance nets were lost to the amount of 7000*l*. After this few boats would venture out, nor indeed could they get out, on account of the loss of their nets; of course the fishing produced little or nothing. Thus, by the unwarrantable intrusion upon the industry of the fishermen of the Isle of Man, part of the island must experience the dreadful evils of poverty and hunger for a whole year, and ruin many useful adventurers in this valuable branch of trade.

FRANKLIN.



### THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a fond look where ENGLAND's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

GOLDSMITH.

**I**F we cast our eyes over the map of the world, our attention is arrested to examine the places renowned in history, and conjecture is apt to form conceptions of the beauty and excellence of a country which has produced men of genius, given birth to heroes, or the benefactors of mankind; and travellers, who may be the admirers of characters of whom they have heard so much, whose works they may have read and been delighted with, or whose conduct is subject of praise, visit the countries of such men with a degree of enthusiasm merely the effort of fancy, and tread this classical ground with the ardour of a pilgrim and the devotion of a fanatic. This indulgence of the imagination, however it may tend to please, is totally an illusion. An unbiassed observer will find the shores of Italy and the islands of Greece as unproductive of the real comforts of life as the “sea-girt island of Great-Britain.”

The civil and religious liberty which this island enjoys has become as much the theme of declamation with some, as it has been depreciated by others. This contrariety of opinion must be owing to something faulty in the political system, but

which in other respects has many advantages. However, the natural advantages of this country are so striking as to present themselves in a most conspicuous point of view. Foreigners of taste and eminence, who have perambulated different parts of this island, have remarked, that the face of the country is exceedingly agreeable, owing to its being happily diversified with hill and dale. Its beauties are particularly enriched by an abundance of wood and water, which increases the elegance of the landscape. The climate, it must be owned, is variable, and often loaded with gross vapours; yet these being ventilated with the breezes of the sea, render it not so unhealthy as unpleasant: and it will be found, upon a comparison, that there is not another portion of the globe, of equal extent and population, in which such a degree of health and strength prevails, as in these kingdoms. In different parts of the island there are singular and uncommon instances of longevity.—The soil in general is fertile; and our harvests not only yield abundance for ourselves, but we frequently export our grain to supply the wants of others. What sacred writ says of the “land of promise,” may with propriety be applied to this—“Thou crownest the year with thy blessings, and thy paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys are crowned with corn.”—This kingdom enjoys one peculiar advantage, that even the more barren parts of it, which are unfit for every other kind of vegetation, produce the best of materials for building those wooden walls, which enable us to protect our trade, extend our commerce, to defend us from invasion, and are our sole bulwark and security.—We are happily free from beasts of prey, and from noxious and poisonous animals, wherewith those who live under a more genial sun are miserably infested.—The mineral productions of the earth yield us an inexhaustible source of wealth, whereby our manufactories are supplied with materials, and foreign countries served with commodities of absolute use.—Want and poverty are strangers to us; and as for famine, we know of it only by report, or the tradition of our forefathers.—The pestilence, that dreadful scourge of mankind, we have not felt the horrors of for more than a century, and, it is to be hoped, will never visit us again.



Our sympathy must be called forth when we reflect on the state of the western hemisphere: it is so similar to the situation of our ancestors in the last century, that we are urged to call the circumstances to our recollection.

During the period of the dreadful plague of last century, 40,000 servants were dismissed in London when the nature of the disease was known: no one would receive them into their houses, and the villagers near London drove them away with pitchforks and fire arms. During this dreadful calamity, there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to the public graves, and of people delirious, or in despair for the loss of their friends, *who threw themselves into them alive*. This state of phrenzy in the mind is pathetically described by the ingenious Dr. Darwin:—

One smiling boy, her last sweet hope, she warms,  
Hush'd on her bosom, circled in her arms,  
Daughter of woe!—ere morn, in vain carefs'd,  
Clung thy cold babe upon thy milkless breast,  
With feeble cries thy last sad aid required,  
Stretch'd its stiff limbs, and on thy lap expired!

Long with wide eye-lids on her child she gazed,  
And long to heaven their tearless orbs she raised;  
Then with quick foot and throbbing heart she found  
Where CHARTREUSE open'd deep his holy ground;  
Bore her last treasure through the midnight gloom,  
And, kneeling, dropp'd it in the mighty tomb†;  
*I follow next!* the frantic mourner said,  
And, living, plunged amid the festering dead.

Nov. 1798.

R. M.

### THE FAIR MANIAC, A TRUE STORY.

THE state of society is not congenial with happiness, that can induce the father to sacrifice the peace of his son to the sordid ambition of a wealthy connection, nor listen to the dictates of nature, but improvidently prefer a glittering exterior to

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† A pit 40 feet long, 16 wide, and about 20 deep, was dug in the CHARTERHOUSE, and in two weeks it received 1,114 bodies!

the impulse of virtue and the pleadings of humanity.—This infatuation will not yield to the force of sentiment so much as to the institutions of civil society; for, so long as marriage is decry'd as a bar to liberty, and so many checks are thrown in the way of an early and virtuous attachment, so long will misery, vice, and all the other evils of a dissolute age, prevail. The following interesting facts will best explain the propriety of these remarks; and the result holds out a fatal example of the weakness or wickedness of the one, and the unexampled virtue and the unwary credulity of the other.

The unfortunate ANTIONETTE STELLA was the daughter of Count de Valdbrutch, who, depressed by misfortune, secluded himself from the world, and retired to his only remaining patrimony, a small estate a few leagues from Marbourg. Here, like a philosopher, he determined to pass his life as a peasant, and devote his time to the education of his daughter. The restlessness of human nature however prevented him from enjoying long this state of tranquillity: the war of 1715 roused him, and he offered his services to the King of Prussia. His misfortunes only ended with his life, to which a period was put at the battle of Lowositz. He had placed his daughter under the care of a benevolent clergyman of Biereg, to whom he wrote, a short time before his death, respecting his affairs, and appointed him and a magistrate of Marbourg her guardians. Stella had passed twelve years of her life as her father had prescribed, when her aunt, the sister of her father, who had been in France, returned to her native place, and took her under her protection.—Mademoiselle de Valdbrutch was not rich, yet her circumstances placed her above a state of dependence. She gave her niece however an accomplished education, and her pains were amply compensated by the success of her pupil, who, to a genteel address, added a sweet disposition and an excellent understanding.

Some business that Mademoiselle Valdbrutch had occasionally to transact, brought her acquainted with the Baron de Lisfield, Burgrave of Minden, which gave rise to a considerable intimacy between them. This Burgrave had a son, a most agreeable and accomplished young man, who conceived a violent passion for Stella, and she was not insensible to his regard. Her aunt soon perceived it, and dissuaded her from encouraging him, and shewed her the inconveniences, particularly on this occasion, in following too easily the dictates of her heart. Young Lisfield had but a small fortune, which was dependent on his father;



but Stella had none at all. The ambition of his father forbade his son to think of her, or even to see her. Stella and Lisfield saw each other but seldom, but their attachment increased.—Lisfield, whose sentiments had not changed since the injunctions of his father, had insinuated himself into the friendship of her aunt, and by that means afforded him opportunities of visiting her. But an event happened which, though it gave Stella an acquisition of fortune, deprived her of her aunt. Alone, in the bloom of youth, without friends and without relations, and her heart occupied by a passion which her reason disapproved of, she viewed this world as a cheerless blank. Lisfield, who had seen her aunt during her last illness, took occasion to declare solemnly that he should always love her niece, and that no inducements should compel him to alter his affection, or to transfer it to another woman. Stella, who was listening with tears in her eyes, acknowledged that she returned his regard, and they both received her prayers and benediction ere she died.

Stella now retired to her former habitation, at Biereg, under the hospitable roof of her clerical guardian; and, though she had repeatedly indubitable proofs of the continued affection of her lover, she had too much prudence, and too great a regard for his happiness and independence, to listen to his solicitations, in direct contradiction to the will of his father. It was not till several years afterwards, when Lisfield was urged to accept of the offers of a rich heiress, and seeing no prospect of an alteration in his circumstances, that he determined to enter into the army, not only to avoid his father's importunities, but also to improve his fortune. With this view he engaged in the service of the Prince of Hesse, and soon after went to America, under the command of an English general.—This resolution was entered into without the knowledge of Stella; and when she heard of it, though affected with the intelligence, she did not endeavour to dissuade him, as she considered his motives were laudable. The idea of a separation to such a distance, and exposed to so many dangers, filled her with the most dreadful apprehensions; but, without being overcome by the poignancy of her regret, she sustained a degree of firmness, in their last interview, that astonished him, and added ardour to his inclinations, to obtain her as a reward when the perils of war were over. The clergyman, under whose roof she resided, had been always present, at her request, at their conversations. He was so at their final parting. Lisfield, in the transport of his tenderness, took a Bible, which lay open in the

room, and falling on his knees before Stella, took her hands, and put them on the sacred volume, and vowed before Heaven to love no other woman on earth, and entreated her to approve his protestation. "Yes, Lisfield," she replied "I know your worth; I do, and will ever love you, and none else shall have my regard."—The minister, struck with the presence of the Bible, at Lisfield's request, offered up his prayers for their happy union. Thus they parted, vowing the firmest constancy to each other.

The parting of Lisfield from his mistress was long remembered with regret. In all his letters he continued to profess his unaltered attachment. He was present at the battle of Trenton, and was wounded in the face; and in writing to her of that event, he says, "Alas! perhaps you will not know me again! The fatigue of the war and my wounds will have changed me; and you, adorable Stella, will not you be so too? Will not an absence of two years be fatal to my happiness? If I ought not to dread it from your heart, may I hope it from your situation? Can you support it and preserve it during so long an absence? Tell me what I am to expect; and let your sentiments decide whether I ought to seek for death, or have the hopes at my return of putting my fortune and my life at your feet. Nothing can ever make me love any one but you. I have sworn it, and swear it again."—This was the last letter that Stella ever received; and, though she repeatedly wrote, no answer ever reached her. She had now considered herself as betrothed to Lisfield, and the idea of his death, which his long silence occasioned, filled her with a continued dread. Two years was she tortured with this suspense, and accident only informed her that he was alive—but a prisoner, and wounded. An old soldier, maimed, feeble, and in rags, whom she met one day in her walks, informed her of the melancholy event, and that he was present when he was taken a prisoner, but that he believed he at that time should be coming to Europe along with a convoy of wounded soldiers. Lisfield, wounded and sick in America, was an excruciating idea that she could not support, and she determined to convert her effects into money, and go to England, there to wait till his arrival. She wished to receive him in her arms; and, as she considered herself his wife, she would communicate all the relief and consolation of which he would probably stand in need.

Arrived at Portsmouth, she took a residence near the sea, that she might be present on his arrival. Day after day she wander-



ed on the beach, and hour after hour she wearied her eyes, bedewed with tears, in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed at the same spot ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the setting sun. Her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with an eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port, her eager steps led her to the spot, and many an enquiry was followed with an insolent rebuff. After eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived, bringing her the melancholy pleasure, "that some Hessian officers, who were wounded, were on their passage."—Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived, reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance, for fear of giving too great a shock to Lisfield's feelings, should he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted, and he was conveyed she knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, she found him at last. The master of the inn informed her he was very ill, and she begged that her being in England might be gradually imparted to him.—When she entered the room, he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms. What words, what painter, could represent the tragedy that followed! He had married in America, and this lady was his wife!—He entreated "pardon,"—was past reproach, for in a few minutes he sunk into the arms of Death. The distracted Stella rushed from the room, and, leaving her clothes, her money, and every thing, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing "that she would never enter house more, or trust to men." She stopped at last near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her appearance, that she immediately procured what she asked for. Young—extremely beautiful—her manners graceful and elegant—alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress;—she only asked for a little milk, but uttered no complaint, and used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accent bore visible marks of a foreigner of superior birth. All the day she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head: she scooped, towards night, a lodging for herself, in an old out-house, filled with nothing but rubbish. The novelty of the circumstance attracted the notice of the surrounding country. They entreated her to come into a more comfortable lodging, but in vain. Neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to move. "Trouble and misery," she replied, "dwell in houses, and there is no happiness but in liberty and

fresh air." She would accept of no food, except bread and milk, and that only from the hands of females! On the men she looked with anger and disdain; but sweetly smiled when any present was offered her from the other sex. She was evidently insane. She was removed to a madhouse, but, on the first opportunity, made her escape. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and returned again to her former miserable lodging. Four years did the forlorn Stella wander about in this desolate manner, without the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a hospitable roof, till at last she was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where she soon afterwards died.

## P O E T R Y.



### THE RURAL DIVINE.

IMMERS'D in London, folly, and in noise,  
 RECTOREO† boasts his fashionable joys;  
 Condemns VACAREO's|| choice, who lone remains,  
 The village-preacher of sequester'd plains;  
 Tells him his days unvaried, tasteless, glide,  
 Remote from all the scenes of city-pride,  
 Where splendid pleasures speed the happy hours,  
 And strew life's pathway with unfading flow'rs;  
 Where crowd the rich, th' ambitious, and the gay,  
 And all who bask in bright Preferment's ray.

But hear, RECTOREO, hear the Muse relate  
 VACAREO's pleasures in his rural state,  
 Where silent, unambitious hours impart  
 A sweet sensation to the tranquil heart;  
 And then confess, while Reason holds the scales,  
 How much the weight of sober joy prevails;  
 How much all Grandeur's scenes delude the view,  
 And to the bliss they promise how untrue!

† A beneficed clergyman in London,  
 in Kent.

|| Curate of Tudely,



When solemn peals the sabbath-morning tell,  
 And o'er the vales, in trembling cadence, swell,  
 VACAREO seeks the path, so often trod,  
 To call his flock to Virtue and to God ;  
 From sordid, grov'ling thoughts to raise the mind,  
 To themes of highest and of noblest kind ;  
 To teach the peasant grateful to adore  
 The hand that pours for him the boundless store,—  
 That, both in summer and in winter drear,  
 Still rules the progress of the varied year ;—  
 To shew that, brighten'd with Religion's ray,  
 Life's hours will pass in more unclouded day ;  
 That Virtue, final victress o'er the tomb,  
 Will rise to flourish in immortal bloom.

Besides, when SUMMER, smiling o'er the plain,  
 Greets the pleas'd eye with all his blooming train,  
 How sweet the morning-walk, in flow'ry fields,  
 To trace the charms great Nature's prospect yields !  
 To view the wand'rings of the murm'ring rill,  
 The vale sequester'd, and th' aspiring hill !  
 Now with a book, now with a friend to rove  
 Through the recesses of the winding grove !

Nor do the joys of social† pleasures fail  
 To greet VACAREO in his lonely vale,—  
 That calm retreat, where, temperately gay,  
 So oft has fled the ev'ning hours away ;  
 Where unambitious minds, congenial, steer  
 “ From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;”  
 Where no rude joys of lawless Bacchus reign,  
 But Prudence guides, and Wisdom's laws restrain :  
 While Attic mirth, with Reason's feast combin'd,  
 Unbends from labour, yet informs the mind ;  
 While Friendship's glee and Harmony serene  
 Diffuse their influence o'er the social scene !

But ye, who to life's mingled scenes aspire,  
 Who city-joys and Grandeur's glare admire,

---

† Alluding to a club, established in the village, where moral questions were debated.

Say, 'midst the pageant scenes of public show,  
 Does not life's stream in languid current flow?  
 Does not the oft-repeated pleasure pall,  
 The tuneful concert and the crowded ball?  
 Ah, yes! and leave this striking truth imprest,  
 That Reason's sanction'd pleasures are the best.  
 Then let not Judgment's erring taste degrade  
 The calmer blessings of the rural shade;  
 Where he, who philosophic leisure loves,  
 Meets the pure joys which Reason's voice approves;  
 Shuns the wild rout of Diffipation's train,  
 The idle follies of the proud and vain;  
 With Virtue's feelings finds his bosom glow,  
 And, chief of knowledge—learns himself to know.

*Tunbridge, Aug. 11, 1798.*

*CLERICUS.*

### S O N G.

AH! why am I doom'd to despair,  
 In silence to shed the sad tear!  
 My sighs have infected the air,  
 But they have not affected my dear.  
 Thro' the meads, thro' the woodlands I rove,  
 See the birds how they coo on each tree;  
 Each turtle dove hastes to its love—  
 Ah! why does my Laura shun me?  
 Tho' humble and low is my cot,  
 With flow'rs I'll the casement bestrew;  
 I'll exhaust all the art I have got,  
 To render it worthy of you.  
 Then yield thee, my Laura, to me,  
 Repay not my passion with scorn;  
 For with thee how blest should I be;  
 Without thee I'm lost and forlorn.

*Newcastle.*

*HORATIUS.*



## *Review of Public Affairs.*

### FRANCE.

**T**HIS unhappy country is still under the scourge of civil war, and faction seems again ready to rear its head ; but being entirely under a military government, dissention in the interior is effectually suppressed. It is otherwise in their newly acquired territory of Belgium, where the force of the insurgents is such, that it appears a more difficult undertaking to quell the disaffected, than it was at first imagined. Rumour supposes their strength to arise from the assistance which our cruisers give them in arms and ammunition.—The note lately transmitted to the German deputies, respecting the march of the Russian troops through their territory, appears to be of the last importance, as, in case the emperor should not interfere to prevent them, the republic will consider it as annulling all their former negotiations, and tantamount to a declaration of war. The result is not known ; but little doubt is entertained of the emperor's compliance with the terms of the note.—The accounts from Egypt seem still to be favourable to its new masters. The rumour however of Buonaparte's assassination and the destruction of his army appears to have originated from a conspiracy of the Turks to attain that object, but in which they completely failed. The credit which was given to the report, in several of the courts in Europe, indicates something like a previous acquaintance with the design. The insurrection was a general one ; but the foresight and vigilance of the French general defeated the plot in embryo.—An engagement is reported to have since taken place between the Pacha of Siria and Buonaparte, which, though it terminated in favour of the French, was extremely bloody. Egypt, under the governing hand of Buonaparte, is organized into a republic ; and, if the plans of that able general are carried into effect, it will become the first commercial country in the world. Situated on an isthmus, between Europe and Africa, it will command all the trade of the east ; and its own luxuriant soil, under proper cultivation, will not only yield the conveniencies, but all the luxuries of life.—There is every reason to suppose the French have a wishful eye towards the acquisition of Portugal to their power. At present there appears to be a disposition to attack that defenceless country ; and, as the port of Lisbon must be of immense service to them, it would at the same time supersede a valuable source of our commerce, and exclude our fleets from that important station, which has hitherto served as a rendezvous, not only in the blockade of Cadiz, but the security of our possessions in the Mediterranean.

### ITALY

can now only be viewed as so many provinces of France.. The defeat of the quixotic General Mack and the King of Naples seals the entire subjugation of that country. It is probable the riches of that

luxuriant kingdom is now altogether in the possession of the French, and a republican form of government is built upon the ruins of the old one. Viewing this as a political measure, the acquisition of Naples must be extremely valuable to its conquerors; and, according to their system of aggrandisement, is calculated to be a rallying point to their fleets passing to and from Egypt, and their rumoured project of colonizing Greece. The Cisalpine, Ligurian, Roman, Piedmontese, and Neapolitan republics now form the sum of the French conquests in Italy; and, except Sicily and Tuscany, all have undergone a democratic pruning, and past the fiery ordeal of revolution. Time must determine whether or not beneficial consequences will accrue from these revolutionary movements; but, in the mean time, they must experience the dreadful evils of a change of property, continual apprehension for their personal safety, and the licentiousness of democratic enthusiasm.

#### TURKEY.

The commotions of Europe are now communicated to the territories of the Ottoman Porte. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the politics of this country to ascertain the motive of the insurgents; but it appears victory has hitherto been in their favour. Under the command of Paswan Oglow, they have had several engagements; and in a late conflict before Widdin, so decisive was the victory, that the Captain Pacha, in his flight into Wallachia, was followed only by six men. The consequence of this engagement was, that Thraxowan fell into his hands, and he imposed contributions on all the surrounding country. The Porte, nevertheless, is making formidable preparations by sea, in conjunction with the Russian and English fleets, to attack the Egyptian conqueror, though disaffection prevails in Constantinople to such an extent, as to induce government to prohibit even conversation upon the operations of the rebels and French.—In

#### AMERICA,

ten ships of the line, for the purpose of cruising in the West Indies, are said to be in a state of forwardness, which will effectually secure them from the apprehension of danger from the naval attacks of the French. Strong objections are still formed against the resolutions of Congress, respecting the misunderstanding with France, and the legislature of Kentucky has made a bold proposition, that, in the event of a war, that state was not bound by the federal union to engage in the contest, but would remain neutral. Parties, upon the question of peace or war with France, are nearly equal. But the assembly of Virginia has discovered the most marked reprobation of the two acts of Congress, entitled "The Alien and Sedition Acts;" and in an address directed to be transmitted to the executive authority of each of the other states, and every member of the Congress, they declare that these acts are unconstitutional, and not law, but utterly null, void, and of no force or effect; and that the necessary measures will be taken by each for co-operating with this state in maintaining unimpaired the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the states respectively, and likewise to the people.



## WEST-INDIES.

From the continual dissensions in St. Domingo, since the commencement of the French revolution, between the people of colour and the whites, there is reason to apprehend that the former and the blacks will combine, and that a new and independent state will arise among a people who were formerly slaves. The late evacuation of this island by the English troops (the commander of which and the black general, Touffaint, were upon the most friendly footing) affords us room to conjecture that a treaty to that effect has been concluded between them: so that, though Great-Britain has expended about 10,000,000 of money, and lost about 10,000 men, in the retention of a few ports in this island, it may ultimately be serviceable to us, in a commercial point of view, by being an independent state. The rupture that has recently taken place between the French general, Hedouville, and Touffaint, leaves us little room to doubt that it is the design of the latter to preserve the island independent. This is corroborated by the circumstance of Touffaint's appearing with his black troops before Capé Francois, and not only ordered Hedouville, but all the white troops under his command, to leave the island immediately.—The situation of affairs in

## GREAT-BRITAIN

affords much room for speculation respecting the projected UNION. The minister has the most sanguine idea of its advantages; and seems to believe, that it is the most effectual method of removing disaffection, and preserving the intimate connection that has subsisted between the two kingdoms; as, in case Ireland is not more closely united to this country, the machinations of the French will either be able to conquer, or effect the total independence, of that kingdom. Except in the capital of Britain, the utmost indifference, respecting the fate of this measure, every where prevails. The plan of the Union has made its appearance; and, though the Irish themselves are so inimical to the measure, the probable advantages seem to incline to their favour; while, to this country, the great influence which it would throw into the hands of the crown is an objection of a most formidable nature.—The fleets of Admirals Nelson and Jarvis are co-operating with the Russian and Turkish fleets, to repress the ambition of France, and prevent her from communicating succour to Egypt; and likewise employed in the blockade of Cadiz and Malta.—Commodore Blankett, who lately sailed with a squadron, has doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and it is supposed his destination is for the Straits of Babelmandel, and perhaps the conquest of the island of Socotra, in the Arabian Gulph, as it has two excellent harbours, well calculated to check a communication of the French by sea between Egypt and the East-Indies.—A secret expedition of considerable extent is at present in agitation (supposed for the defence of Portugal), the command of which is given to Generals Cuyler and Tarleton.

We are under the necessity of deferring IRELAND till our next.

END OF No. II.

OF THE

# SATELLITE,

OR

## REPOSITORY OF LITERATURE;

CONSISTING OF

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL),

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

### USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* PERSI SAT.

An usefess light is all that knowledge gives,  
If not imparted what the mind receives. CRITO.

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NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE,

PRINTED BY AND FOR Y. MITCHELL.

COMMUNICATIONS addressed to him (Post-paid) will be punctually attended to and duly acknowledged.



## ANECDOTES, &c.

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A young clergyman, who but lately entered into orders in Scotland, wished to advise with a reputable farmer the cause of his congregation *soon falling asleep* after he began to preach. Says the itinerant preacher, "I am sure the sermons cannot displease them, for they are all my own making." "I suspected as much;" replied the farmer, "but if you will follow my advice, you will do with your sermons what I do with my corn, and you will have no longer a sleepy congregation." "Aye, what is that?" replied the preacher. "Only," says the farmer, "deprive them of their chaff."

The late Dr. Somerville, of humorous memory, being openly insulted by his indignant brethren for coming frequently to GEORGE'S without his *wig* and *sword*, and having on coloured clothes, he came next day to the coffee-house, with the Jehu of his coachman, and he with the Doctor's huge tie-wig on. "Here, gentlemen," says he, "is an argument to the purpose, that knowledge does not consist in exteriors. There are none of you who would trust me to drive you, and the world shall soon see, also, as I pass through the streets of London, THAT THE WIG DOES NOT CONSTITUTE THE PHYSICIAN." This curious exhibition being immediately converted into a subject of ridicule, the tie-wig was obliged to be reluctantly laid aside.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORATIUS is under consideration.

ANTI-JUNIUS has employed his talents to little purpose, to compile such a farrago of nonsense and abuse. When we wish to disgrace our press with such rubbish, we will give him notice. Should any periodical publisher accept of his lucubrations, he may think himself a happy man if he escapes a BASTINADING, or the more dignified situation of a pillory. If he will take our advice, he will remove his literary furniture to Grub-street or St. Giles's.

MISS W.—We are under a real obligation for her literary assistance; and it is with regret we are obliged to postpone the beautiful pieces of Miss Blamire. Next number we shall certainly admit some of them, and endeavour in future to publish them regularly, till finished.

Our other communications shall appear soon; but we have to request, that our correspondents would oblige us by sending their papers rather earlier than formerly, addressed as on the other page.

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# THE SATELLITE.

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No. IV.  
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## MEMOIRS OF THE LATE ROBERT MACAUS- LAND, M. D. CARLISLE.

**H**AD it been the object of this paper to rescue, from un-merited obloquy, the character of a class of men who pursue this arduous path of science, viz. Medicine, we could not have been presented with a more favourable opportunity than in the subject of this memoir. What rancour may dictate, or malice may suggest, ill becomes the liberal-minded to take into consideration; but, however, it has not unfrequently been made the subject of reproach, not always undeservedly, that the *mercenary* motive too often prevails over the health of the patient—that the fee is a more predominant consideration in the mind of the physician, than the success of his case. That such men exist, we have no hesitation in giving credit to; but so much the reverse was the late Dr. Macausland to this idea, that he was not contented with an assiduity and attention to those intrusted to his care, but was continually in search of the miserable and unassisted, to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of the afflicted, and communicate relief to the distressed. In giving a short sketch of his life, we regret that we are in possession of so few materials. It is, however, a grateful reflection to consider, that the subject of it may be an acceptable offering.

Of his lineal paternal progenitors we are unable to speak. His mother is descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families in Ireland. At an early age he lost his father, which induced Mrs. Macausland to remove to Cumberland, where, with the small inheritance she was in possession of, she devoted her time to his education, as well as to increase the annuity, that she intended to apply to promote his studies, in more mature years. After he had received all the learning which a country school could afford him, he was placed under the direction of an eminent surgeon, in the north of England, where, after passing a sufficient time in this capacity, he was re-



moved to the University of Edinburgh. At the age of sixteen, he was initiated into the study of his profession, at College; and by a most arduous application to those studies which were to constitute the business of his after life, in two years he conceived himself able to enter into the practice of a surgeon. At this early age he left his native country, in the capacity of an assistant surgeon in the army, to go to that inhospitable climate, Canada, in North America. He had not been long in that station, when his employer was removed, and here an opportunity offered, in which both the inhabitants of the country, and the regiment in which he was, paid a tribute of respect to his abilities, in soliciting for him, unknown to himself, the surgeon's situation which he only formerly held in an inferior capacity. His attainments, even at that age, were so conspicuous as insured him the respect of the most independent men in the country; he was loved by the whole army; he was the idol of the people, and his conduct and urbanity was such, as even to gain the esteem of the natives. Here he improved himself, by incessant application in scientific pursuits and general literature, so as to produce some valuable philosophical papers which were afterwards deposited in the Royal Society. Among others was a paper, written in refutation of the Abbe Raynal, on the beads of the American Indians, which may be found among their printed transactions.

As a literary character, in general, it was his invariable custom to write upon whatever subject he made the object of his studies. Possessed of a penetrating genius, he could with celerity communicate his thoughts; and the many subjects he wrote upon, affords us room to suppose, that his miscellaneous unpublished papers would form an elegant and useful volume. He not only wrote considerably himself, but, desirous that his example should operate upon other students, he invariably recommended the practice, that they might be able to form an estimate of their progress between their early and more mature years. During his military capacity he wrote several ingenious and useful essays, on subjects connected with the profession of a soldier. He inveighed severely upon the practice of duelling, and recommended modifications upon the trials by court martial. While he was stationed at Canada, he formed the resolution of visiting the falls of *Niagara*, and collected some of the curious spray found there, and upon which he wrote several philosophical papers. During this residence he bestowed great attention on the characters of the natives. Anxious to discover the cause which operated on the civilized state of man to produce sui-

vide and insanity, he was of opinion, that these simple people enjoyed a larger portion of happiness than the middle classes of men, in the more polished nations of Europe.

Near the end of the American war, when the regiment returned to England, he dissolved his connection with the army, and returned again to the seat of medical learning, Edinburgh, where he aspired to the first honours of the college. He did not, however, continue long in this metropolis, but meditated the idea of sequestering himself from the bustle of public life, and retiring into Wales. In this he was again disappointed, and retired to the hospitable habitation of his mother, in Wigton, where he occasionally practised as a physician, with great reputation. By the persuasion of his friends, he removed to Carlisle, in the year 1792, where, both by his abilities as a physician and his behaviour as a worthy man, he gained the esteem of all ranks and descriptions of people. He published there a volume of essays, entitled "Thoughts on different subjects, chiefly moral and political," which for coolness and impartiality, for accurate and moral reasoning, displays a mind animated by an independent love for his country, and totally free from the malign breath of party spirit, or the poison of prejudice. Death, however, soon, alas too soon! deprived the world of an eminent physician, and an amiable man. He fell a victim to his own charity, in communicating relief to an unfortunate object who was ill of a violent epidemic fever. He caught the contagion, of which he died in the month of October, 1797, at the age of 48.

In viewing the general outlines of his character, he was withal a man of sterling probity, of unshaken integrity, and unblemished morals. A man who bestowed his attention on almost every subject of human enquiry, which could either enlarge the mind or serve the interests of society. He was not liable to be biassed by the specious pretexes of sophism or superficial enquiry. He examined, he reasoned, and drew always his own conclusions,—careful not to offend, yet when called upon, he expressed his opinions in so open and undisguised a manner, that even those who differed from him, either upon physic, politics, or religion, were more ready to excuse for the difference of his opinion, than to blame him. On the subject of religion he bestowed an uncommon degree of attention, and considering the immense field which it offers to the mind, he had preserved such a happy medium between the jarring disciples of sectarian and hierarchial principles as to keep totally aloof from both, yet preserving



a sincere regard for the cause of truth and true religion. It was not in the belief of certain articles of faith, it was not in the rigid adherence to any particular creed, that he placed any reliance upon, it was on an unspotted life and unblemished morals, the surest proofs of a man's sincerity in any religion which were the objects of his principal regard. On this subject did he coolly bestow investigation, and wrote at considerable length, but more with a view to assist his own mind, than any endeavour to subdue the minds of others. His sentiments were never favourable to any established system of dogmatical belief, for as he was always diffident himself, he believed no one man who sought calmly after truth, but would be found to differ in some circumstances from another. As a writer he was chaste and perspicuous, without any alloy of tinsel or turgidity. Much averse as he was to the custom of declaiming and appealing to the passions, he was always sensibly awake to the calls of sympathy and the feelings of humanity. His countenance was a true index of his mind, always calm and unruffled; he seemed to be continually musing, and bent upon business for the happiness of his fellow-creatures. He would have been a true companion for the benevolent Howard, for like him, the relief of the distressed was his daily occupation and his amusement. Like him he fought for the unfortunate, and was not satisfied with relieving them from the immediate pressure of want and disease, but so far as his abilities extended, endeavoured by his advice, his recommendation, and his purse, to prevent the recurrence of a similar evil in future. With the cheerful he was free, with the miserable he was sympathetic, and with the wise, the humane, he was friendly and sincere. No way calculated to gain a name by political intrigue, he sought no opportunity to distinguish himself by party cabals, or the mean arts of ambition. A man of scientific research, but without vanity and ambition; a man of private worth, possessed of all the disinterestedness peculiar to public virtue; the friend of the poor, the companion of the good, and a physician of unspotted fame and untainted reputation.

*Carlisle, June, 1798.*

A.

#### ON THE IMMORALITY OF THE TIMES.

**P**ERHAPS at no period since the Reformation has the dignity of human nature been more degraded than it is at present, in the practices and conduct of the lower ranks of socie-

ty, though they are in the possession of every right, whether political or religious, that can exalt them as citizens or render them respectable as individuals. The condition of civil life will allow them no more. Nothing is taken from them but the savageness of natural liberty. Yet, insensible of the privileges they enjoy, they are led by their own depraved inclinations, or are taught by men as flagitious, and not much wiser than themselves, to consider that Government as arbitrary, which requires obedience to the laws that preserve society from anarchy, without imposing on it chains; and that Religion as false, which connects happiness with our duties, teaches us to triumph over affliction, and even over death itself. With them, the distinctions of religion and superstition, of civil subjection and slavery, are confounded under one name. It never occurs to them, or occurs to them without conviction, that he who braves a HEREAFTER, and has no fears beyond the grave, must be restrained from mischief by strong positive laws, that an apprehension of punishment might, at least, retain its hold on the mind, when the sense of shame has left it.

At a period so alarming to political society, from the general corruption of manners, from the professed infidelity of some, and the lukewarm indifference of others, in matters of faith, I hope it is not necessary to impress on the minds of the clergy, whether of the established Church or not, a sense of their duties, or to point out the line of conduct they ought to pursue. It cannot be supposed that, though they are *at ease in their possessions*, and not under the necessity, like the primitive preachers of Christianity, of encountering temporal hardships, or braving the dangers of persecution, they will slumber at their posts, when the enemies of their religion are increasing in number and activity. On the industry and integrity with which they discharge their duties, the temporal and eternal happiness of millions depends. Indolence, the languid vice of monasteries, which threw a sort of venerable air over the character of a monk or a friar, can give no sanctity to that of a modern ecclesiastic. If he wishes to acquire veneration, he must earn it by real services, by active virtues, by laborious duties, and watchful anxieties.

There is hardly any moral disorder, however deeply rooted or widely extended, that a clergyman should despair to remove. While, from the holiness of his profession, he commands our reverence, he is furnished, by the doctrines of his religion, with every means that can work on the fears of the bad, or raise the sinking hopes of the penitent; and he has every motive of in-



terest and ambition, as well as of duty, not to neglect them. Happiness being of a social, not a solitary nature, he will ultimately promote his own, by advancing that of others; and by establishing a virtuous society around him, extend his domestic comforts beyond the verge of his parsonage. His parish will be his home, presenting to his view, as it were, one family, informed with one soul, and influenced with the same antipathy to vice, the same love to virtue. This would be a happiness—a distinction which nominal honours cannot confer; and if it does not gratify the highest wishes of the heart, there must be some hostile principle that warps the judgment in its moral estimation of things.

The sermons of our modern divines, especially such as have been published, do not want elegance, as far as the ornaments of style are concerned; but, in general, they discover in their structure more labour than ease, more art than nature. Plain practical discourses, written in an easy unadorned language, and delivered from the pulpit with that feeling and simplicity of eloquence that come from the heart, will be found to be more powerful instruments in the work of reformation, than the cold, artificial expedients of modern oratory.

That “no bad man can be a good orator,” is an observation which every clergyman ought to remember, because it is founded on truth. The malignity of a bad example operates with fatal influence on the minds of an audience, and does more injury to the cause of christianity, than perhaps, the sceptical opinions of the most confirmed Deist. The most effectual way of recommending a precept, whether moral or religious, is by shewing in the conformity of our lives that it is practicable, and that we do not wish to claim any exemption, on our parts, from the duties it enjoins. Such a warm and honest appeal to the heart will be of more service to the interests of virtue and religion, than mere naked declamation; it involves no abstruse reasoning, no intricate speculation, but, with arguments that lie level to every comprehension, carries conviction to the mind. It is certain indeed, that a shade of error and folly may be discovered in the lives of the best and wisest of men; and it would be uncandid to expect, that the conduct of the clergy, should at all times, be entirely free from it. Such infirmities find an apology in the imperfections of our nature, and he who magnifies them into crimes, is an enemy to the sacred order; and “malevolence to the clergy (says the pious Johnson) is at no great distance from irreverence of religion.”

I cannot conclude this essay without mentioning a vice that is common, I had almost said peculiar, to the lower ranks of the community ; and from which much of the depravity, and many of the miseries of the age arise. I mean that of drunkenness, in the practice of which our countrymen, like the rude Boors of Thrace and Germany, are proverbially notorious. It is a crime that can admit of no extenuation. Pride is sometimes the characteristic of an elevated spirit, and ambition of a bold, aspiring mind ; but the vice of drunkenness exhibits a degraded understanding, as well as a corrupted heart. The man who is addicted to it is divested of the proudest attributes of his nature. His guilt will admit of no varnish. It appears, in its native deformity, to every eye, and in characters which every person can read. With *the knights of the glass* he may be a *spirited fellow*, a *jovial soul*, and the licentious numbers of the poet may roll in his praises. But in his serious moments, in the intervals of thought and reflection, he will discover, in a diminished fortune, in a broken and infirm constitution, the perversion of the language, and learn, that nothing can take from the moral turpitude of the crime, much less give it an ethical excellence. Happy, if his reflections induce him to retreat to the shade of virtue and temperance, with the remains of his fortune, his health, and his understanding !

But declamation on the ruinous effects of drunkenness will be of no avail, so long as the present number of public houses is countenanced by the magistracy. Their number is a satire on the national policy. Every small and sequestered village contains one or two, and sometimes more of these tolerated nuisances, besides several gin and whiskey shops, where nauseous and adulterated liquors are retailed, in defiance to the laws ; and from which the *conscientious* officers of the excise turn away their eyes. The evils arising from these holes of idleness and dissipation are numerous as they are afflicting. They are the preparatory schools, in which almost every species of villainy learns its rudiments. In them are found the revilers of our king, our constitution, and of our religion, the highway robber, and the midnight assassin. If public-houses are licensed, without any regard to number or character, because they increase the revenue, we cannot too much reprobate such a dangerous and delusive policy. That "*public vices are public benefits*" is a maxim that has been adopted by some politicians, but with little consideration on its tendency and effects. The ruins of mighty empires bear awful and convincing testimony of its falsehood.



A chearful industry, and a well-regulated oeconomy, are the genuine sources of the wealth of a nation, and the best foundation of its power. When these virtues withdraw their support, it verges to its fall.

In animadverting upon the vices of the age, the custom of cock-fighting should not pass without censure. It is considered by some as a harmless amusement, for the purpose of filling up a vacant hour, though it shocks the sensibilities of every one who can think and feel. It originated with the ancient Grecians, from whom the Romans received it, as appears from Columella, about the decline of their empire. The first quarrel between the two brothers, Bassianus and Geta, sons of the emperor Septimius Severus, happened, according to Herodian, at a cock-fight. When or by whom the custom was introduced into England is unknown, but probably by the Romans, a few years before they quitted the island. At the time of the invasion by Julius Cæsar, the cock was domesticated, and considered by the natives as sacred. William Fitz-Steven, the biographer of Becket, and contemporary with that martyr, mentions cock-fighting in his rude Latin, as an amusement among the school-boys on Shrove-Tuesday :\*—"On the anniversary of Shrove-Tuesday, all the boys of the schools carry their fighting cocks to their master, who allows them the forenoon as holiday, that they might see their cocks fight in their schools."

Even in the remembrance of the writer of this article, the custom was not totally banished from the schools in the northern parts of our kingdom. A vacancy of two or three days at Shrove-Tide, for the purpose of fighting their cocks, was always made by the boys one of the conditions of peace at the *barring-outs*†, and generally granted by the master, who received, at the same time, a gratuitous subscription from his scholars, called *cock-pence*.

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\* "Quotannis die quid vocatur Carnilevaria singuli pueri suos apportant magistro suo gallos pugnaces, et totum illum antemeridianum datur ludo puerorum spectare in scholas suorum pugnas gallorum."

† "The practice of *BARRING-OUT* was a savage license practised in many schools to the end of the last century, by which the boys, a few days before the periodical vacation drew near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty some time before the regular recess, took possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bade the master defiance, from the windows. It is not easy to suppose, that the master, on such occasions, would do more than laugh; but, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison."

In the pits of the Grecians and Romans, and even in ours, till the middle of the 15th century, the cocks fought with the spurs with which nature had armed them. It was reserved for modern cruelty to provide them with weapons of deadly steel.

By this history of cock-fighting we observe, that its pedigree is ancient but not honourable. The political and religious institutions of the ancients encouraged ferocity as a virtue. They considered, as effeminate weakness, every soft emotion of the bosom. The sufferings even of their dearest friends never melted them to pity. The Romans were the builders of amphitheatres, where the blood of citizens streamed for the diversion of unfeeling spectators. To the heathens the origin of cock-fighting is therefore naturally traced. But what apology can be made for the privileged inhabitants of our island, who, amidst the light of the 18th century, and under the influence of the mildest of religions, continue, in all its cruelties, a practice that so directly tends to foster the worst passions, and steel the heart against the impression which nature designed it should receive?

The legislature cannot better consult the national honour and welfare than abolishing this infamous custom, which has been so long the disgrace of our country; but it must be remembered, that this cannot be done by laws weak or uninforced, which seem only made to be despised, but by such as carry an authority that may secure obedience. And who shall blame the severity of that statute which reclaims, to virtue and industry, the noisy and dissolute crouds that encircle a cock-pit?

*Burnside, Feb. 16,*

ATTICUS.

## ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF KNOWLEDGE.

OF all the arguments whereby ignorance is excused, and idleness encouraged to repose, there is not any more exultingly proclaimed with the appearance of unquestionable strength, than the depravity of men of genius, or that the splendour of illustrious talents is often obscured by uncommon defects; yet satisfactory as that position may appear to the superficial observers of mankind, it ought to be an additional argument, a powerful motive for the more general diffusion of human knowledge.

In all ages of time, there have been men of various excellence, who, though deeply versed in the mysteries of science, or elevated by strong imaginations; warm in the daring flights of genius, or qualified for preceptors of morality, have exhibited a conduct so



different from their instructions, as fully evinced that their failings were proportionate to their abilities. Hence, those of more ordinary understandings, or sluggish dispositions, congratulate themselves in the want of knowledge, by supposing that a comprehensive mind must infallibly be attended with a corrupt heart; and that as the bounds of information were enlarged, the confines of virtue would be broken.

Among the numerous propositions of philosophy, there is no hypothesis tending to prove that human acquirements could eradicate vicious inclinations, or the volumes of morality remould a degenerate mind;\* they may refine the grossness of turpitude, and polish the face of deformity, but they are incompetent to effect a total renovation of the heart. Yet, such a change are they expected to produce; and knowledge is spurned because it has not performed purposes to which it is totally inadequate.

Ambition is the predominant passion. From the clown who grins through a horse-collar, to the general who devastates empires; from the milk-maid who excels at the rural dance, to the duchess who vies at a ball-room; it is the same principle differing only in operation; they are alike impelled by the desire of praise, and alike gratified by the shout of approbation. There are few who will not smile at the simplicity of the rustic, and many who will deprecate the ferocity of the soldier; let it then be recollected that knowledge might have elevated the one, and confined the other. Had information illuminated the clown, he would have despised such petty pre-eminence; his mind would have sought a higher direction, which emulation might as easily have attained. Had the general once tried his mistaken valour by the genial warmth of philanthropy, and submitted his reflection to the precepts of truth, he would have seen that his powers were nearer excellence when employed for the prosperity, than the destruction of his brethren; that all war is unjust, except in defence of our country's liberties; and that he who, to gain celebrity, destroys thousands of his fellow-creatures, should be immortalized with as many gibbets. Imperfection is the concomitant of humanity. All that science can bestow, or morality enforce; all the irradiations of genius, and

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the discoveries of philosophy, were they united in one mind, would never render it perfect. In great men, the lustre of their worth places in a stronger light, every opposite deed; many failings that are overlooked in the mass of commonality, or regarded as slight deviations, are in them accounted unpardonable misdemeanors, and wilful perversions of duty. Since the ornaments of literature, and the instructors of mankind are liable both to erroneous speculation and erroneous practice; it behoves those whose principles are well fixed, and whose minds might be proportionably improved, instead of selecting examples to the disparagement of genius, to rouse from the embraces of indolence; correct by precept and example the faults of others, and exercise those talents, which they may be in possession of. Though every one is not expected to climb the alps of wisdom, and few are destined to traverse the regions of possibility, yet all have understandings to be rectified, comprehensions to be extended, and important situations to occupy. "To read their history in a nation's eyes" is the lot of few; but assiduously to cultivate useful knowledge, and promote the general interest of society, is the appointment of all; each has a circle that his example may benefit, he may find poverty for riches to relieve, wounds for humanity to heal, wrongs for justice to redress, and ignorance for information to extricate; nor is there a space in the wide extent of creation, that uselessness should be permitted to encumber.

The depravities of exalted characters, when properly viewed, are far from subjects of triumph. Envy may behold them with joy, but candour weeps over their fall. When the meridian of genius wanes in the clouds of infamy, it is a mortifying proof of human weakness. It is an answer to the clamour of discontent, and a lesson for imperious sufficiency.

Perhaps much of the exultation evinced by common minds at the depression of extraordinary men, arises from the contempt with which such persons often treat those of less qualifications. Few can drink the cup of prosperity without intoxication, and few possess great abilities without a casual display of ostentation. Literary men have many claims to superiority which are better set aside; they may prove many things which in general conversation policy will forbid; and are indeed so circumstanced, that all the forbearance and humility they can exercise will seldom secure their peace; for envy will still misrepresent their meaning, and vulgarity defame their actions. But it is their duty, both to act and to write, with scrupulous circumspection.



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Let no author venture to believe that his life is immaterial to his works ; it is a rock on which thousands have suffered ; and a maxim that will finally undermine the foundations of literary honour. Men are ever ready to cavil at instruction, and dispute the rights of him who assumes the office of a preceptor. Hence, they will examine his writings, and if they are incontrovertible, his conduct ; here, for the least inconsistency they immediately refuse his advice ; but if the difference be glaring, they proclaim it around, all are eager to unmask the impostor, and the tale is forwarded to remote climes, with additions suggested by malice, and augmented by revenge.

Those who are endued with genius, should recollect from whom their gifts proceed, and the services they are enabled to perform.

No one is distinguished in vain ; there are occasions for the virtuous exertion of his genius ; he is entrusted with talents, of whose stewardship an account must be hereafter rendered ; “and of him, to whom much is given, much will be required.”

C.



## HOW FAR DOES THE PRINCIPLE OF ACTION IN MEN AND BRUTES DIFFER ?

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius alto*

*Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera posset.*

*Natus homo est.*

OVID.

**M**AN, it is said, is governed by Reason, Brutes by Instinct, which means a blind impulse or desire, without any view to consequences ; this word instinct is in every ones mouth, yet few are able to give any satisfactory account, in what it consists. It is said to be an impulse or desire ; what is desire ? Desire arises in our breast, when any thing is before us, the possession of which seems calculated to communicate pleasure ;\* we can only desire a thing, for the good qualities which it possesses, or which we

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\* Although this definition sufficiently answers our present purpose, it is not altogether accurate ; desire, properly so called, is followed by action, and only takes place when the object is attainable ; when it is not, such as to fly, to walk upon water, &c. although we may wish for it, we cannot be said to desire it.

suppose it to possess, we must believe that its good qualities predominate over the bad, before it can become the object of desire. This, it may be thought, is contradicted by the simultaneity of desire in the mind, with the presentation of some objects before it, and where it could not have had time to consider whether good or evil would be the result. It will be found on examination, that in those cases where this speediness of desire occurs, that either the exciting object is of so very simple a nature, that its good or evil is obvious, or else it is already familiar to us, and we have known its effects, beforehand. In this case the source of the desire is habit, but whenever a thing is of a complicated nature, and unknown to us, we suspend our decision till we have discovered its tendency, and desire or aversion its opposite, follows accordingly; thus desire is nearly allied to preference, it is preceded by comparison, and followed by volition.

If what I have advanced be well founded, the latter part of the definition given of instinct, that it is a desire, without view to consequences, must be false, as it appears that desire is regulated by consequences alone, when we know not the good or bad effects of any thing that we can neither love nor hate. It is inconceivable how so extravagant a proposition came to be assumed, as that intelligence (and who can deny that brutes have intelligence?) can act without some end in view. It could only rise from the vanity and pride of man; in this case experience is our surest guide; and it assures us, that man has a design in all he does, so of course must brutes, who are but a few degrees below him. The innumerable instances of sagacity recorded, incontestibly shew that the lower part of the creation in their actions infinitely exceed the narrow range which instinct allows. I will adduce one very curious instance, related by the ingenious Dr. Darwin, of which he himself was an eye witness:—"A wasp on a gravel walk, had caught a fly, nearly as large as himself; kneeling on the ground, I observed him to separate the tail and the head from the body part to which the wings were attached. He then took the body part in his paws, and rose about two feet from the ground with it; but a gentle breeze wafting the wings of the fly, turned him round in the air, and he settled again with his prey upon the gravel. I then distinctly observed him cut off with his mouth, first one of the wings, and then the other, after which he flew away with it unmolested by the wind."---*Zoonomia*, Sect. xvi. 17, 4. To multiply instances would be superfluous, every book on the subject teems with them. Our



conclusions respecting the blindness and want of design in brutes must be unjust, the principle of action in them seems to approach very near to that of men; still, however, our superiority over them is great, and I will now endeavour to point out in what this superiority chiefly consists.

In all our actions, we have a double end in view, a particular and a general one, the first of these is always intended to be subservient to the latter; thus in an act of charity, the particular motive is the relief of the person in want; the general one, and which attends all our actions, is my own happiness or pleasure. When I enlist for a soldier, the particular motive is to repel the enemies of my country; the general one is, as before, my own happiness, to which the welfare of my country is necessary. Thus an enlarged view has taught man to make the particular consequences of his actions subservient to his general good, it has taught him that even when immediate pain may be the result of his deeds, they may yet be beneficial to him in the end; man sees danger while at a distance, and his knowledge shews him how to avert it, perhaps, by some trifling present inconvenience, and he cheerfully brings an evil upon himself, but then it is to avert another of greater magnitude which is impending. By this faculty man keeps it always in his mind to chuse the least evil or greatest good; he sees that were he to put forth a atrocinating hand to the goods of his fellow-man, the immediate effect would be that he would reap enjoyment; but it is not to the particular consequences alone of his actions that he attends, but he examines their conformity with his general good, and adopts or rejects them accordingly; and in this case he sees society ready to overwhelm him with destruction, he therefore willingly abstains. On the other hand, perhaps his neighbour is in danger of losing his life, and he sees that by risking his own he can save it. Here an immediate evil is brought on, but he looks forward, and sees society and the friends of the delivered come forth to hail him as a worthy member, and confer upon him a civic crown, accompanied with the most shining honours and rewards, here if he has sufficient courage it is clearly his benefit to act as I have supposed. Thus it sufficiently appears, that man measures his actions not by their particular consequences, but by the influence which they will have (or which he supposes they will have) on his general and future happiness. We can now point out a capital distinction; man, it seems, has always a twofold end in view, of this brutes are wholly or nearly incapable, and all that their limited powers can comprehend is the effects directly

flowing from their actions; for the most part immediate gratification is their only object, and all that they have any idea of. Like man they are not sensible that sometimes by giving up pleasure they will promote their welfare, and though happiness flows not immediately from their actions, yet in the end it will. These are speculations too refined where the pain is present and the pleasure future, has no lure for them, as their cogitations extend but a little way beyond the present moment. Hence another position will follow, as the sacrifice of a present for a future and greater good is the foundation of benevolence, patriotism, and all the social virtues of which brutes must be incapable. This then, I think, forms the most striking distinction between men and brutes, the one will forego present ease, nay existence itself, because he has an eye to the future, and believes that it will be for his good; but the other performs those actions only which he expects will be succeeded by pleasure, nor can he conceive any other. Thus both are incessantly pursuing one aim (and which must be the aim of all sensitive beings) that of happiness; but the means by which the one strives to attain this end, are inexpressibly more extensive than those of the other. But this establishes no generic distinction between them, they differ widely in degree, but in degree only; the brute surveys the present, and that imperfectly, but man, by his superiority, embraces an immense circle of actions; he considers the past and future, as well as the present; he calls up all the circumstances of the case before him, and deduces his decisions from the whole extent of things.

*Alnwick, Feb. 13, 1799.*

HORTENSIVS.

### ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

“**S**OME men say, that every thing dies with us. Here we ought to believe our own experience; we were nothing before our birth, and we shall be nothing after death.” I adopt the analogy; but if I take my point of comparison from the moment when I was nothing, and when I came into existence, what becomes of this argument? Is not one positive proof better than all the negative proofs in the world? You conclude from an unknown past to an unknown future, to perpetuate the nothingness of man; and I, for my part, deduce my consequence from the present, which I know, to the future, which I



do not know, as an assurance of this future existence. I proceed on the presumption of a goodness and a justice to come, from the instances of goodness and justice which I actually see diffused over the universe.

Besides, if we have, in our present state, the desire and the pre-sentiment only of a life to come; and if no one ever returned thence to give us information concerning it, the reason is, a proof more sensible would be inconsistent with the nature of our present life on the earth. Evidence on this point must involve the same inconveniencies with that of the existence of a God. Were we assured by some sensible demonstration, that a world to come was prepared for us, I have the fullest conviction that all the pursuits of this world would from that instant be abandoned. This perspective of a divine felicity, here below, would throw us into a lethargic rapture.

I recollect that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the business of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding any other object; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they had been going that moment to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept. As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the verdure and foliage of the trees, and even of the rocks which skirted the shore, covered over with sea weeds and mosses, as if all these objects had been perfectly new to them. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight. But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, stretching out their arms to them with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a single man on board; they all sprung ashore, and it became necessary to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her moorings.

What then would be the case were we indulged with a sensible discovery of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are most dear to us, and who alone are most worthy of our sublime affections? All the laborious and vain solitude of a present life would come to an end. The avenue from the one world to the

other being in every man's power, the gulph would be quickly shot ; but nature has involved it in obscurity, and has planted doubt and apprehension to guard the passage.

It would appear, we are told by some, that the idea of the immortality of the soul could arise only from the speculations of men of genius ; who, considering the combination of this universe, and the connection which present scenes have with those which preceded them, must have thence concluded, that they had a necessary connection with futurity ; or else, that this idea of immortality was introduced by legislators in a state of polished society, as furnishing a distant hope, tending to console mankind under the pressure of their political injustice. But, if this were the case, how could it have found its way into the deserts, and entered the head of a negro, of a Charib, of a Patagonian, of a Tartar ? How could it have been diffused over the islands of the south seas and over Lapland ; over the voluptuous regions of Asia, and the rude climates of North America ; among the inhabitants of Paris and those of the New Hebrides ? How is it possible that so many nations separated by vast oceans, so different in manners and in language, should have unanimously adopted one opinion ; nations which frequently affect, from national animosity, a deviation from the most trivial customs of their neighbours ?

All believe in the immortality of the soul. Whence then could they have derived a belief so flatly contradicted by their daily experience ? They every day see their friends die ; but the day never comes when any one re-appears. In vain do they carry victuals to their tombs ; in vain do they suspend, with tears, on the boughs of the adjoining trees, the objects which in life were most dear to them ; neither these testimonies of an inconsolable friendship, nor the vows of conjugal affection challenged by their drooping mates, nor the lamentations of their dear children, poured out over the earth which covers their remains, can bring them back from the "land of shadows." What do they expect from themselves, of a life to come, who express all this unavailing regret over the ashes of their departed favourites ? There is no prospect so inimical to the interests of most men ; for some, having lived a life of fraud, or of violence, have reason to apprehend a state of punishment ; others having been oppressed in this world, might justly fear, that the life to come was to be regulated conformably to the same destiny which presided over that which they are going to leave.

BERNARDIN.



## ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF LITERARY FAME.

**T**O men disposed to observation the circumstances may seem remarkable, when we consider the immutable nature of true excellence in any art or science, that the world, or at least the judging part of the world, should be so tardy in determining on the justice of the claims of some more than ordinary candidates for literary reputation.

It may perhaps be alleged, that the public mind being no way pre-disposed to receive these luminaries, the world may be pardoned, if in the aggregated mass it suffer individuals, born to enlighten mankind, to escape observation, and leave the charge of determining on their merits entirely on posterity; and it is, at the same time, certain that fame is of a slow and precarious growth, seldom achieved by a single performance, and sometimes delayed to a period when it cannot be enjoyed.

Let us endeavour to enquire into the cause of this unpardonable indifference to living authors, which is calculated to repress the fire and enthusiasm of Genius, and mingle the pretenders and the true heirs to Literature in one undistinguishable mass.

A regular course of study, as it imposes a temporary abstraction from all the alluring pleasures of life, is likely to meet with comparatively few votaries; if we except books of mere entertainment, the perusal of which may be broken of and resumed at pleasure, all the refined philosophy, the unequalled historical narrations, and the sublime effusions of poetry with which antiquity has enriched us, have few systematic and regular admirers save those whose business it is to superintend and regulate the affairs of the republic of letters.

Learning being thus by the nature of things vested in the hands of a few, opinions, especially on matters of taste, must become arbitrary, and the many will be led implicitly to admire and adopt the opinions of the few; hence the fluctuation and decay of public taste, and the reason why true excellence cannot be discerned at once, must be from the impure and vitiated taste then prevalent, which is corrupted in proportion as the source from whence information flows becomes polluted by *fashion*, or regulated by prejudice. If every man claimed the privilege of thinking for himself, and was capable of exerting his powers of discrimination, public opinion would not have *hesitated* to determine on the merits of Milton or Johnson, nor shewn such *avidity* to grant the claims of the numerous disciples of the Della Crus-

can school, who have decorated Poetry in gorgeous attire, and martyred Pathos and Simplicity at the shrine of Folly and Extravagance.

If the evil here complained of is acknowledged to exist, it ought certainly to be the peculiar care of those who direct the public taste in literary affairs, to endeavour to recall the wandering judgments of their readers from what will in time sap the foundations of pure and classical elegance, and overwhelm us, though not with the barbarism of the dark ages, with that which is very far removed from what the decided opinion of antiquity pronounced to be excellence.

As it remains in the hands of those who keep the avenues of literature, they ought to be cautious how they misguide the opinion of their readers; and as the advancement of true taste depends upon their fiat, they ought to deliberate before they lavished upon the redundant exuberance of a luxuriant imagination, unqualified and indefinite praise. What I hint at here is the reception which the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*" met with from the critics, and consequently from the world. It is not for me to detract from the fame any have acquired by their literary attainments; but I cannot surrender my judgment to praise that, which, if judged by any standard rule, would be deemed a production no way remarkably excellent. Surely between the natural and truly picturesque drawing of Mrs. Smith, and the overcharged and gaudy pictures of Mrs. Radcliffe, it would be folly to make a comparison.\* Mrs. Smith finds the avenue to every heart by feeling and sentiment, and though from frequently inaccurate outlines, like the celebrated painter Corregio, produces, by the force of her brilliant and bewitching colouring, the most fascinating effect; even her pieces of poetry, notwithstanding the numerous plagiarisms and imitations, are bold and vigorous productions, and "*find a mirror in every breast.*"

But in thus giving my opinion of works before the public, I am departing from the object of this essay. I hope I have pointed out some little defects in the polity of literature, in the conduct of critics who, rather than judge of modern works by ancient principles, seem to make their principles conformable to the vitiated and fluctuating taste of the public, in which the criterion of true excellence is entirely lost sight of.

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\* Yet the work of the former obtained the title of the first work of fancy of the age.



If I had been in existence when the inimitable papers of the Rambler were first given to the public, I don't know whether my want of discernment would have been equally obvious, as the major part of his readers evidently was, to occasion the sage author to complain that "he had never been a favourite with the public," and have left it to posterity to determine whether his observations were pedantic or judicious, his style turgid or energetic. I confess myself not a little surprised, when I read the following paragraph (which seems to have been dictated by that disgust which only contempt could inspire) by the Doctor on drawing the *now* celebrated Rambler to a conclusion.

"I am far from supposing that the cessation of my performance will raise any enquiry, for I have never been much a favourite with the public; nor can I boast that, in the progress of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent."

It is certainly strange, that the writer of the Rambler should have been so apparently unacquainted with his own excellence; it is still more so, the "frigid and narcotic" indifference with which his writings were received by the public; and if those sublime and dignified apostrophes, those valuable moral precepts, now so highly appreciated, could escape the notice of the original readers, and not merit the caresses of the great, nor the praises of the eminent, to what a pitch of foolishness may not the public mind degenerate, and what does such a want of discrimination tend to, but the downfall of letters and the decay of science?

*Carlisle.*

PHILANDER.

#### BENEVOLENCE.—AN ANECDOTE.

**W**HEN the great navigator, Columbus, landed first upon the island of Cuba, he and his followers were not only treated as friends, but as beings of a superior order; it was reserved for his avaricious successors to deserve the epithet of monsters. As an instance of their kindness, a venerable old man approached Columbus after he had landed, and presenting him with a basket of fruit addressed him thus:—"Deign, O stranger, to accept of this gift. You are come into our country, and we are neither able nor willing to resist you. Whether you are mortal like ourselves, we know not; but if you expect to die, remember that in the world to come, the situation of the good and bad shall be widely different. If you believe this truth, you certainly will not hurt those who do not injure you."

# POETRY.

## THE WINTER DAY.

'TIS now the joyless winter day,  
By fogs obscur'd by storms oppress'd;  
The evening fades in dusky grey,  
And Sol forsakes the gloomy west.

The billowy clouds deform the skies,  
Between each pause the torrents pour;  
The cottager the ravage spies,  
And shuts his humble cabin door.

Dark floating mists obscure the vale,  
No longer drest in mantle green,  
While Boreas' bleak and blustering gale  
Intrudes each bursting show'r between.

The village steeple, grey with age,  
That oft has brav'd the tempest dire,  
Now weeps the fury of its rage,  
And weather-beaten seems the spire.

The sea-mews, driven by the storm,  
Across the fallow wing their way;  
And oceans' birds in many a swarm,  
Their streaky plumes in air display.

The cattle nip the scanty blade,  
Expos'd on yonder fallow hill;  
Upon the oak the last leaves fade,  
And swoln appears the summer rill.

Now comes the season dark and drear,  
That gives the plowman pause from toil;  
No more the whistling swain you hear,  
As blithe he turns the stubborn soil.



Within their cots the swains retire,  
Where welcome gives his easy chair ;  
And oft beside the well made fire,  
The smiles of rustic love they share.

Amid the gloom that winter spreads,  
Shall we in languid sadness pine ;  
And while he desolates the meads,  
To sad and gloomy thoughts incline ?

No ; let the breast where Science dwells,  
To friendship give the darken'd hours ;  
And while the raptur'd bosom swells,  
Recall the joys of summer's bowers.

So shall the joyless winter day,  
By fogs obscur'd, by storms oppress'd,  
With ease and freedom glide away,  
And Spring salute mild nature's guest.

R. CARLILE.

### WHAT IS HONOUR ?

**H**ONOUR's a strumpet, now so common grown  
Her proper meaning is but little known.  
When coronets and titles deck the slave,  
A man of honour may be prov'd a knave ;  
And noble blood--allow for blurs and stains--  
May creep unnotic'd through a scoundrel's veins :  
A cringing sycophant, a trembling coward,  
May spring from Lonsdale or may spring from Howard,  
A lord may be a statesman's servile tool,  
An earl a blockhead and a duke a fool ;  
A prince may be a madman--but a king  
A knave, a fool, a madman, any thing.  
Honour's the mark :--she captivates the will ;  
Roars in the cannon ; clacks behind the mill ;  
In flow'ry figures makes St. Stephen's ring,  
To tax a nation, or to cheat a king ;  
Brawls at the bar, the hardest case to clear ;  
Breathes in the flute to please a lady's ear ;

Sounds from the pulpit in a filken tale ;  
 Lives in the wind, and sings in every gale ;  
 Runs at Newmarket, foremost in the race ;  
 Is full as great in tatters as in lace ;  
 Is full as great in him who begs his bread,  
 As him who surfeits being overfed :—  
 With cheats and thieves she takes up her abode,  
 Or in the *Treasury* or the *public road* :  
 Each station her prerogative declares,  
 From great *St. James's* town to *Wapping stairs*.

—♦—  
 TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD  
 ROGERS.—BY MR. ROSCOE.

**M**ORTAL, from yon lower sphere,  
 Ere eternal joys thou share,  
 Are thy earthly duties done,  
 Husband, father, friend, and son ?

Hast thou o'er a parent's head,  
 Drops of filial fondness shed ?  
 What the pleasure—hast thou prov'd,  
 'Tis to love and to be lov'd ?

Hast thou, with delighted eyes,  
 Seen thy num'rous offspring rise ?  
 Hast thou in the paths of truth  
 Led their inexperienc'd youth ?

Didst thou e'er in sadness bend,  
 O'er the sorrows of a friend ?  
 Didst thou hasten, unappall'd,  
 When thy sinking country call'd ?

Husband, father, friend, and son,  
 Well thy journey hast thou run ;  
 Life has known its best employ,  
 Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy.





## *Review of Public Affairs.*

### IRELAND.

**A**N unusual press of matter in the last number constrained us to postpone our summary of Irish politics. We wish we could now resume the task with satisfaction to ourselves, or pleasure to our readers. The same devastation and distress, which agitated that distracted country, seems unfortunately not to be on the decline, but rather increasing, if not with an addition to the power of the insurgents, yet in the malignity of their despair.—The subject of an incorporating union with Great Britain, has tended to rouse the latent energies of Parliament, which some men were of opinion they could not have exerted. Their opposition to the measure, though it may not perhaps evince their wisdom, yet proves that they have a sincere regard for what they consider to be the independence of their country. That opposition of Parliament appears to have been in entire unison with the majority of the people, and as a memento of their victory, a pillar is erecting to perpetuate that event, with an applicable inscription, and the names of those who voted against the measure. As an instance of the public enthusiasm upon that subject in the capital, when it was announced to the public, the whole city illuminated, and in many houses the windows bore the inscription of the numbers who voted, of “THE GLORIOUS 105.”—Within these few weeks the public mind has been kept in perpetual agitation, under the idea that a general insurrection was to take place in Ireland, in concert with a formidable armament, which is said to have been going forward in the different ports of France and Holland. That alarm has in a great measure subsided, but still there is reason to apprehend that France will make a final struggle with her navy, to effect, if possible, the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. What corroborates this supposition is the perpetual infatuation of the mobility of Ireland, in creating disturbances in the country, and manufacturing arms. To annihilate the power of these insurgents, a bill has passed Parliament to put the country under martial law, and to supercede trials by civil law entirely. Measures of this irritating nature, we are apprehensive, are calculated to keep alive, rather than allay the turbulent dispositions of the disaffected. Much as we approve the general conduct of the Viceroy of Ireland, we believe the most efficacious means to remove the spirit of rebellion is to substitute concession for coercion. If we look into the history of Ireland, we will find the Irish a faithful, warm hearted, independent, and generous people, and at all times bearing up against the current of oppression; but repeated injustice has entirely changed their natures. They fought for liberty under Charles I. and were pillaged; they fought for James II. and were pillaged. The robberies of the rebellion were legitimated at the restoration. The robberies of the

revolution were secured by disabilities and penalties, which has been productive of that brutish indolence and savage ferocity which is now the characteristic of the nation. If a change in the system of the internal policy were adopted: we are apt to think the consequences would be greatly beneficial, as we are of opinion with the Highland general, "they may be led, but will not be driven."

### FRANCE.

Scarcely had we begun to foster the complacent idea of a peace with Germany than that prospect was blasted. Whether owing to the intrigues of the cabinets of Vienna and Russia, or the aggrandizing ambition of France, that peace is placed at a greater distance we are unacquainted; but the immediate cause has been the non-compliance of the Emperor to prevent the march of the Russian army through his territories.—The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, that bulwark of the German frontier, and hitherto deemed impregnable, has been compelled to surrender to the French armies, after a blockade of nearly two years, so that they are now in complete possession of every garrison of any consequence upon both sides of the Rhine. It has been a matter of considerable surprise, that, during the important negotiations for peace between the deputies of both nations at Rastadt, this strong garrison should have been closely besieged, for this space of time, and no attempt at any time made, of any consequence, to relieve it. However, the reason of this conduct is at length explained by the Abbe Seiyes at the court of Berlin.—From the contradictory statements which have reached us, respecting the repeated engagements between the forces of the two nations, we are at present much in the dark. Conjecture therefore must supply the place of information, and in this respect, we apprehend we are at no great distance from the truth. When Generals Massena and Jourdan determined (according, no doubt, to their instructions) to penetrate into Germany, their plans seem to have been anticipated by the Archduke Charles, from the manœuvres he has made use of to check their progress. Massena, having conquered the Grison country, appears to be, in consequence of the Archduke Charles, withdrawing from that quarter all the troops he could spare, in order to get possession of several important passes of material consequence on the right side of the Rhine. In this respect it would appear he has succeeded, as Massena and Jourdan are both at a pause, or rather in the retrograde motion. To retain these important situations, no doubt many, alas! too many human sacrifices have been made, and it is to be feared that much blood will yet be shed, ere the contending powers will compromise their respective differences.—From Buonaparte no information of any consequence has arrived that can be depended on, except the attempt to land a body of Turkish troops before Alexandria, which it appears have been disappointed in their object.—The grand Duke of Tuscany, it seems, has made his final exit from his dominions in Italy, which no doubt finishes the career of French conquests in that devoted country.



## PRUSSIA.

If we are to believe public rumour, the versatile politics of that country may be properly distinguished under the figure of a **WEATHER-COCK**. Every alteration of the aspect of affairs communicates its influence to the Cabinet of Berlin. The victory of Nelson off the Nile, made him incline to join the coalition against France, and then, the formidable conscription of 200,000 men by that power postponed his determination. The arrival of the British Ambassador along with arguments of an **ENCHANTING** nature, had well nigh cast the ballance; but the music of Seiyes' **PRIESTLY** eloquence made him preponderate in favour of the Republic. The secret articles of the treaty, between France and Germany, have been divulged; and it appears that the Emperor had bartered the garrisons upon the Rhine, properly in the possession of the respective princes, and which he had no authority to do, for the Venetian territory. Such a conduct naturally excited his indignation, and it is probable that for this breach of faith in the Emperor, he will suffer his pique to get the better of his interest, if he ever indeed supposed that it was his interest to go to war with the Republic of France. This treaty explains the cause of the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein and its consequent fall, and the cause of the French endeavouring to get possession of the other fortresses on the right bank of the Rhine. In

## GREAT-BRITAIN

the great question of the Union between her and Ireland has been discussed in the two houses of Parliament, and carried in the most unequivocal manner. Indeed, the peremptory manner in which it was brought forward left little room to doubt of its fate. So determined is the resolution of Mr. Pitt upon this important subject, that he has declared "he will never abandon the legislative union but with his life." Such a pledge is not altogether favourable to conciliate the affections of the Irish, and still, though we are of opinion that Ireland would enjoy many commercial advantages of which it is at present deprived, and which the nature of the country promises success to, it appears that Great Britain would be the losers, both in a commercial and political point of view.—From the accounts lately received from the East Indies, there is strong reason to suspect that Tippoo Saib, one of the greatest enemies of the British in Hindostan, has been carrying on a communication with Buonaparte in Egypt. He has lately received a number of French officers into his service, and excluded all Europeans of any other country; but, however, the military establishment has received an accession of 2000 men from the Cape of Good Hope.

END OF N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

☞ Five numbers of our *Literary Miscellany* are already before the public, and though its merit is appreciated and its reputation increased, the Editors have to regret that they are not remunerated for what expences they have already incurred.—We have indeed to acknowledge, that the public are not deficient in their support, for our sale is extensive, and our whole impression nearly sold. But we find that the expence of publication in so small a form as 3d. a number, has tended to abridge the advantage which we would otherwise have derived: Besides, the booksellers at a distance complain, that the expence of carriage, &c. is more than adequate to the profits.—These considerations, with the advice of our publisher in London, are motives which induce us to alter the form of publication; so that, after the 6th number is published, which will complete the first part, we shall in future publish it in parts, at the end of every six months.—We therefore solicit the continuance of our former contributors, to promote this design.

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N<sup>o</sup>. V.

OF THE

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By whom Communications (Post-paid) will be thankfully received and punctually acknowledged;



## ANECDOTE.

ONE day as Dr Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,  
"And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n.  
"Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;  
"Like him I go, for angels drove us both.  
"Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—  
"His love went with him, but mine stays behind."

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Rev. Robt Miln's (M. A.) great literary character precludes the necessity of a compliment from us, but we would esteem it an honor to be favoured with his future communications.

Hortensius shall appear in our next.

Philologus shall certainly have a place in our miscellany, but we regret that he has not given his ideas a wider range, and elucidated his reasoning by the pleasing mode of example. It is a subject of great utility, and if he will extend his essay to a few more pages, by the mode we have suggested, it would add infinitely more to the celebrity of the subject. At all events, the present sketch "On the influence of the progress of science on the manners and characters of men," shall appear in our next.

Atticus' promise, we hope, will be fulfilled, and we trust the benevolence of the author's intentions will be amply compensated.

The future favours of Carliolus, Mr R. Anderson, Mr Housman, &c. and our former contributors, would be highly acceptable.

The paper "On the Literature and Literary Men of Carlisle," will, in all probability, appear in our next.

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THE  
**SATELLITE.**

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No. V.  
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**MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER, KNOWN BY THE  
NAME OF PRINCE MENZIKOFF, OF RUSSIA.**

**T**O the philosopher the changes of the affairs of men, and the revolutions of Empires appear as so many links of a great chain, which tend to produce events, though perhaps not of an immediate, yet ultimately a beneficial effect to the happiness of mankind. To the moralist, the waywardness of fortune is an additional incentive to virtue, is a powerful argument against vice, whereby the lures of wickedness and pride may be avoided in prosperity, and the sting of remorse may not occupy the mind of him who is depressed by adversity. To them, therefore, who are alive to the feelings of sympathy, who are not yet callous against the calls of reflection, and who may be animated by the love of domestic peace and pure virtue, attend to the fate of Menzikoff, the companion and the friend of Peter the Great, the ostensible minister of Catharine the First, yet absolute governor of all the Russias.

Born in a humble and in an obscure station of life, the famous BARON LEFORT, the tutor and the modeller of the mind of Peter, introduced him first to the notice of his master. Menzikoff was peculiarly fond of buffoonery and that species of humour which gains admittance into the chambers of the great, and Peter, who had frequently been entertained by his courtiers with the wit of the young Alexis, at length took him into his service, and admitted him into his most intimate confidence. Such was the early rise to fortune of the creature of Baron Lefort, who was in every respect adapted to his purposes.

As this foreigner had to combat with the jealousy of the Russian lords, in introducing any improvements into Russia, Menzikoff was well calculated to serve not only as his spy, but



as his friend, when his engagements removed him at a distance from the Emperor. This confidence he deserved, for he not only promoted his schemes for the improvements which he introduced into the empire, but with a grateful sense of the obligations he owed him, he warded off many a conspiracy which was laid for the destruction of his patron. Thus Menzikoff and Lefort possessed a reciprocal regard for each other, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Emperor, till the death of the latter, when the former enjoyed the entire guidance of his mind.

The first rise of Menzikoff's fortune is attributed to a circumstance which, though trivial, appears probable. Peter, when only fifteen years of age, had a plan of a regiment sketched out to him by his instructor Lefort, to be clothed, armed, and disciplined after the German method, and to be instituted his guards. Lefort, who was Colonel of this regiment, admitted the young adventurer into the ranks; and Peter, who discovered his superior abilities as a soldier, became so charmed with him that he was immediately promoted, and endeavoured from that moment to attach him to himself. This attachment was daily increased, as well from the conformity of their age, as the unremitting zeal which Menzikoff displayed in promoting the Emperor's schemes, removing those many obstacles to improvements, *old prejudices*, which the Boyards were continually throwing in the way, and even stooping to the office of hangman at the time of the rebellion of the Strelitz. By his ability as a statesman, he won the monarch's confidence; and by his valour as a soldier, he gained his esteem. He saved the Emperor's life in the field of battle, and he prevented a conspiracy which was levelled at his crown. He was advanced rapidly to the highest dignities of the state, and his real services kept him there.

He accompanied Peter on his travels, and by his interest was made a PRINCE of the *Holy Empire*. Soon after which, he had gained such an interest with his master, as even to represent his sovereign, give audiences to ambassadors, while the emperor, disdaining the pageantry of royalty, ranked as a plain individual in his train. Such an ascendancy over the mind of such a penetrating man as Peter, may be deemed a phenomenon; but the fact was, he held as it were the springs of his fiery and elevated soul, he would incur his resentment a hundred times, and calm it with a single word. One day the Czar threatened to ruin him. "Very well, Peter, what will you do?" said the minister,

*you will destroy your own work ;*" and immediately was pacified. Yet he made, in several instances, such glaring breaches of duty as to appear wonderful he was not hurled from his situation in disgrace. In the affair of Stettin, Menzikoff justly imagined he was then to receive the punishment which it would appear he merited. In the war of 1713, he was besieging the capital of Pomerania, which he would have soon taken, but seduced by the gold of *Baron Goertz*, and some vain promises of *Frederic William I.* of Prussia, he consented to deliver it up to the latter. Upon his return from the campaign he observed a most singular line of conduct, which would seem even to aggravate the crime. He retired to his palace in the country, and when asked why he went not to court to pay his respects to his sovereign, he replied, in the most indignant manner, "*that it was not the practice for them who returned home to pay the first visit.*" Peter, more exasperated at the observation than his conduct, took with him some Russian lords, who were his enemies, and going to the minister's house, loaded him with reproaches, and was with difficulty restrained from making use of his usual revenge, *a beating*. Menzikoff intreated him to hear him, in a private room by themselves, which, when he had obtained, he immediately assumed a more determined tone. "*You love glory*, says he, *and I thought I was performing you a service. Charles, your rival, has given away kingdoms ; I wished you to do greater things even than Charles, therefore I, one of your subjects, gave away provinces, an honour which no prince can boast of, but yourself. Is not this more valuable than a possession, which, at such a distance, you would have been unable to keep.*" Peter, always struck with whatever was great, not excepting the romantic, was astonished. He embraced his minister as the guardian of his honour, and taking him by the hand in the presence of his enemies, applauded his conduct, to their great chagrin and disappointment.

After the death of Peter the First, the crown devolved upon his wife Catharine. During her reign, the power of Menzikoff became still more unlimited. Catharine was certainly indebted to her minister for her advancement to the throne of Russia, and out of gratitude she gave the reins of government entirely into his hands. It was Menzikoff alone that reigned. Catharine only acted under his direction ; and as a proof of his ascendancy over her, she gave orders in her will, that her successor, Peter the Second, should marry his daughter. To this circumstance may be attributed that reverse of fortune to which the haughty Menzikoff was soon to be doomed, and of which his



enemies made ample use of, in order to compleat the downfall of this celebrated man.

After the death of the Queen, the young king was totally under Menzikoff's direction; and when the circumstance transpired of his daughter being betrothed to the Emperor, the pride of aristocracy took the alarm. It was fresh in their recollection, that Menzikoff was once a *plebeian*, and it was only the innovating hand of the *sacrilegious* Peter that had *enobled* the upstart prince Menzikoff. It is generally said of Menzikoff that he was an able statesman, a wise politician, and that he distributed justice with an impartial hand. He had, however, differed from Count Ostermann in council, and had by that means made him his enemy; and Prince Dolgorouki, belonging to one of the first families of the empire, had, by some means, been offended at the politics of the minister. These two characters had formed a plot against the unwary Menzikoff, to destroy the hopes of the minister, and to wrest the young king from his guardianship and protection; and they succeeded.

Menzikoff had taken him into the country, upon a hunting excursion, and this they took advantage of. Ostermann waited on all the senators and the principal officers of the guards, and represented, in a plausible manner, the tyranny and odious pride of the minister. He cajoled some, threatened others, and with Prince Dolgourouki he engaged to get his daughter married to Peter II. The son of Dolgorouki was the intimate companion of the king, and by his father's representations he succeeded in bringing him into their schemes. At midnight, the young king escaped from Menzikoff, and ere the morning the cabinet of St. Petersburg had undergone a complete revolution. The unconscious Menzikoff, when informed of the escape of the king, was little aware of the extent of the danger to which he was exposed. He had not dreamt that he had an enemy, or if he did, that they were too embeccile to deserve his notice. He hastened, however, to the capital, and conscious of the integrity of those who professed themselves his friends, he meditated vengeance upon those who had made the king their prisoner. How courtiers deceive themselves! The measures of his enemies had been long meditated, and his ruin was too sure. When he arrived, he entered the palace, but the guard was changed, and the garrison was under arms. He continued to advance, but was repulsed. He now found, too late, that his power was at an end; he turned, and walked pensively towards his own palace, but no more found in his way that croud of courtiers who had been accus-

tomed to surround him. The storm had dispersed them, as it disperses timid doves; and scarcely had he entered his house, when he was surrounded with grenadiers. The officer who commanded them advanced, and arrested him in the name of the Emperor. He imagined, like other courtiers, that if he saw his sovereign he would be restored to favour; but a mandate arrived from Peter, ordering him to depart to *Renneburg*. This was an estate belonging to himself; but he had not proceeded far on his journey when a second detachment of grenadiers overtook him, the commanding officer of which had orders to strip him of the badges of the orders of Russia, and the marks of foreign nobility which he had received. At this act of degradation, Menzikoff became a new man—his ambition and vanity forsook him, he acted the philosopher throughout, and appeared already to brave the vicissitudes of fortune. “*Take back, says he, these tokens of my foolish vanity. I have them all collected in this coffer, expecting that the first act of my humiliation would be to strip me of them. Would I had them on me, that this act might have been the more humiliating.*” The orders of the officer did not stop here, he ordered Menzikoff and his family to alight from his coach, and to perform their journey in waggons prepared for them. “*Execute your orders,* he again replied, *I am prepared for every thing. The more you take, the fewer causes of uneasiness you leave me. I only pity those who are to profit by these spoils.*” Thus he continued his route to *Renneburg*, appeared perfectly tranquil, and when he occasionally saw his wife and children, he continually exhorted them to bear the storm of fate without desponding.

When arrived at *Renneburg*, he had not the consolation long to enjoy his poverty unmolested. His enemies even there, though removed a thousand wersts from *Petersburgh*, were apprehensive of his intrigues, and a power to reinstate himself into power. Though nothing was further distant from the mind of Menzikoff, yet he was doomed to perpetual banishment in the extremity of *Siberia*.—See now the once-famed general, and at one time the greatest man in the Russian empire, dragged like a slave from his home, compelled to strip himself of his clothes, and be habited in the dress of a Russian peasant; see his wife and children, the innocent victims of political rage, accustomed to all the conveniencies and refinements of opulence, stripped of their jewels and their apparel, and assuming the dress of poverty and of rags; their gowns made of the coarsest contexture, and sheep skins for a head-dress. The unfortunate Princess, the wife of



Menzikoff, soon sunk under her calamities and fatigue. Her husband exhorted her to meet death with courage and resolution, and she expired in his arms. This was an additional calamity for Menzikoff, for he lost, in a beloved wife, his sweetest consolation and the partner of his griefs. At an immense distance from friends and relations, no heart to sympathize with his, no friend to sooth his sorrows, he was obliged to perform the last offices of sepulture himself. In the very spot she died, there he dug her grave with his own hands, and immediately after interment, was compelled to continue his journey to the capital of Siberia.

Scarcely had he reached Tobolsk, ere those who had suffered under his administration, and conceiving him to be the cause of their calamities, met him, and instead of condolence, added insult to his misfortunes. Here he was supplied, by orders from the governor, with five hundred roubles, to provide himself with necessaries, which might be serviceable to him in his banishment. This sum he expended in providing for the wants of his family, and the surplus he distributed among the poor. He had yet several thousand miles to travel before he reached his destined residence; and in travelling thither, in an open waggon, he was exposed to the terrible inclemency of the external air, for the dreadful period of six months. Before he reached Yakoutz, his place of banishment, he met with an occurrence which recalled the bitter remembrance of his disgrace. Stopping at the cottage of a Siberian peasant, to take some refreshment for himself and family, he observed an officer of his acquaintance come in. He was on his return from Kamtschatka, where he had been sent under Peter I. relative to the discoveries of Captain Bering, on the sea of AMUR. This officer had served under him, and Menzikoff knowing him, saluted him by his name. The officer, amazed to hear himself named in a country so very distant, asked how he knew him. "*I am Alexander,* says he, *late Prince Menzikoff.*" This officer, reflecting how he had left his general in the most elevated situation in the empire, could scarcely believe his senses to see Menzikoff in such an abject condition; and observing in the corner a young man tying the sole of his boots with cords, asked him, in a low tone, and pointing to Menzikoff, "*Who is that extraordinary man?*" "*It is Alexander, my father,* replied he aloud; *should you, who are under so many obligations to our family, not know us in our misfortunes?*" "*Excuse the petulance of my son,* said Menzikoff, *it is he whom you used to dandle in your arms; these are his sisters; these are my*

daughters." While uttering these words, with tears in his eyes, he shewed the officer two young women, dressed like country girls, and soaking some crusts of bread with milk in a wooden bowl. "*This one*, added he, *was betrothed to Peter II. our Emperor.*"

The astonishment of the officer, to hear of such a different state of things from the time he left Russia, with the afflicting situation of his patron, may be better conceived than described. He bade the officer farewell, and again mounted his dull waggon, saying, "*Tell my enemies in what a state you met me. Their hatred will be flattered with it. But assure them, that my soul is more calm than theirs, or it ever was in the time of my prosperity.*" At length the unhappy Menzikoff arrived at his destined residence, and with some labourers which had been sent him he began to build a house, clear the ground, sow some seeds, and make what preparation was necessary, in order to lodge and subsist his family. His daughter, who was to have been the *Czarina*, undertook the charge of the kitchen, and the other the dairy and mending their clothes and linen. Every morning the family repaired to the oratory, to prayers, a place which Menzikoff had allotted for that purpose. Misfortunes made him devout, the sweets of solitude had driven passions from his mind, and nothing but tranquillity reigned there.

Six months had scarcely elapsed when his eldest daughter was seized with the small pox. He acted as nurse and physician, but his care and his skill were unavailing. She died, but met her fate with fortitude and resignation. As soon as she was dead, he fixed his countenance stedfastly on hers, and watered it with his tears; and addressing himself to his two surviving children, "*learn of your sister how to die.*" His son and daughter were seized in the same manner, his skill and attention were, however, more successful, for they both recovered. His own sorrows, and the great fatigue he had lately undergone, tended to undermine his health, but his firmness and his fortitude baffled a while a distemper which had seized upon his vitals, and it was not till nature was exhausted, that he discovered the danger of his situation. The idea of leaving his children unprotected added horror to his feeling mind. Seeing himself, therefore, drawing near his end, he called his children to his bedside, to give them his parting advice. "My dear children, I am bordering on my last hour. Death, of which the thought has been familiar to me since ever I have dwelt here, would have nothing terrible in it to me, if I had to give an account to the Sovereign Judge only of



the time which I have spent in this place of banishment. Hitherto, my sweet children, your hearts have been preserved from corruption; you will preserve your state of innocence better in these deserts than at court. If you ever return thither, only recall to mind the examples I have given you here." The firmness of his manner in bidding his last adieu, made his children imagine his end was not so near; but he had collected all his fortitude on this trying occasion, and scarcely had he done speaking in giving his children his blessing, ere a slight convulsion carried him off.

This unfortunate family were reserved, however, for more happy days. At the time of Anne's accession to the throne, they were recalled to St. Petersburg, where they were provided for in a manner creditable to the State. The grandson of Menzikoff was but lately a member of the directing senate; and we are assured, that his behaviour will not compel him to end his days at Yakoutz. A.

### WHAT IS REASON?

THE use of words is to convey the ideas of one person to another, and thus to carry on a communication of sentiments, which is the foundation of all intercourse among social beings. Words may be communicated to the eye by certain characters, which we call writing; or conveyed to the ear by articulate sounds, which we call speech. Now, as these characters or sounds have no inherent quality which naturally express ideas, mankind have invented a variety, to carry on a necessary and a mutual commerce; from this cause arises the great diversity of languages in the world, and which makes even provinces have somewhat peculiarly their own. It is indeed frequently the case, that the same word, by the same person may be used in a literal, metaphorical, or analogical sense, which in either case must change the meaning entirely. No wonder then, that men should frequently misapprehend each other in the use of these signs which are variable and arbitrary. It is necessary, therefore, that in our disquisitions after truth, when equivocal terms are made use of, and such as admit of different meanings, or may convey different ideas, we define and settle beforehand the particular determinate sense in which these terms are taken. For if they are some-

times used in one, and at other times in a different sense, we indeed retain the words, but entirely lose sight of the idea. For want of this method in proceeding, we see so many logomachies, so much persecution and absurd disputes in the world, arising from the different acceptations of the same words, which disputes have occasioned more evil amongst us than perhaps any other cause. What lover of mankind, then, would not endeavour to put a stop to this mischief? Let us agree about the meaning of the words we use in controversy, and I believe we shall soon be agreed in things themselves.

Of all the words in use none have occasioned more altercation than the word which is the subject of this enquiry. What volumes have been written! what parties have been raised! What massacres have been committed! What wars have been carried on! What countries have been depopulated and laid waste by disputes concerning the meaning of a few words, and particularly this. And though men have been engaged in these disputes for more than fifteen hundred years, they do not know what they are disputing about to this day. Every party inscribes certain CABALISTIC terms on their banners, and imagine there is something so *charming* in them, that all mankind should range themselves under their protection. Nay, different parties make use of the same words, and every one says they only have a right to use them; and their several votaries most firmly believe their several pretensions. Surely it would be happy for mankind, then, if they would all agree to enquire into the true meaning of those enchanting words, that they may no longer be imposed upon. None can be against such enquiry but those who think it their interest to keep up the disputes. It is undoubtedly for the happiness of all men to know the truth of these matters; for when men once come to see how they have been trifled with, and wrought up to animosity against each other on these accounts, they will drop their contentions, and treat one another with kindness and benevolence. Happy alteration! What pains or trouble can be too great to bring it about?

Of all the words in our language the meaning of the word REASON is the most ambiguous. Sometimes it is taken for that fitness in subjects to one another which is natural and independent on will and pleasure; as when we say that such or such a thing is agreeable or contrary to the reason of things. Sometimes it is taken for human capacity or comprehension, as in that trite observation, "That many things are



above which are *not contrary* to our reason ;” for the meaning of that sentence must be, if it has any meaning at all, that there are many things which we have no capacity to comprehend. And this indeed every man who reflects ever so little upon human nature must be fully convinced of. From which I would make, therefore, this remark, than we can no more argue upon such subjects, than we can describe objects out of our sight. Sometimes the word *reason* is taken for the cause or inducement which has prevailed upon us to act after one manner in preference to another, as when we say, This was my reason for doing so. Sometimes it signifies the argument by which we prove a truth, or detect a falsehood, as, we say a thing must be true or false for this or that reason. Sometimes it means the human intellect or understanding,\* as in this sentence, “The SUPREME BEING expects to be served by us according to that portion of reason which he hath imparted to us.” Sometimes by reason we mean the moral sense, moral virtue in general, or more particularly the virtue of justice ; as when we say, it is contrary to make one law for ourselves, and another for other people ; and thus we call a man good who is governed more by reason than by appetite and passion. And sometimes it is taken for the power or faculty of judging, or drawing a conclusion from premises which is the only means by which we arrive at knowledge. The difference between the knowledge of God, and of his intelligent creatures is, that he knows and sees all things with all their possible combinations and circumstances by *intuition*, at one view. Whereas we come to our knowledge by slow degrees, and after many deductions of one thing from another. But as all good things come from God, we could not possibly have any knowledge at all unless he had been pleased to communicate to us some portion of his own divine knowledge, and made us to perceive and see by intuition, and at the first view, some certain truths that we call AXIOMS, DATA, or self-evident principles, which by the use of our reason or faculty of comparing and judging, should lead us on to other truths, and raise us, step by step, to larger views, and more extensive knowledge. This is the highest and most proper sense of the word REASON ; and this includes the intellectual, the moral, and the discursive powers of the mind. The two former

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\* Human intellect or understanding. I take to be that faculty of the mind by which it perceives objects suitable to it, and which may be communicated by various means.

as certain principles, the latter as the power of comparing objects which are thus presented to us with each other, and thereby finding out wherein they agree or disagree. This is what we commonly call *reasoning*, or exercising our REASON. This is the characteristic of human nature; this distinguishes man from all the other animals of the earth, and makes them wiser than the beasts that perish. The very definition of a MAN is, that he is a rational or a reasonable creature. This is his glory—this is his honour. P.



### THE LAST SPEECH OF AN INSURGENT NEGROE.

IT is not to incite a spirit of rebellion—it is not to upbraid the dealers in this human traffic, that the following appeal to the feelings of every lover of humanity, is dictated. It is an appeal for MERCY—for JUSTICE to those outcasts of society, the NEGROES in our colonies. If the legislature do not emancipate them, they are however entitled to be treated as men, not as brutes. The following speech, if not dictated by the pathos of eloquence, seems to come from the pen of truth, and as such is not only entitled to our respect, but our approbation.

“ You men that have the white complexion, cruel-hearted men, who take the name upon you of my masters, you are now going to kill me. Do so. I have perpetrated an unpardonable crime, according to your notions. I have rent my fetters: I took with me upwards of five hundred men, who were as much enamoured as myself of that inestimable blessing heaven designed for all her children. In reality, I might have perpetrated an unpardonable crime, and you not had it in your power to punish me. Had I left them to their rage, you would all have been stabbed, or burnt, or mangled in your habitations, on a signal they designed to give. I would not suffer this; for that religion which you taught me, and which, notwithstanding all your wickedness, I love, forbade me such a vengeance, though by some it might have been considered just. However kill me, notwithstanding this; rid me of two torments, slavery and your presence; but before you kill me, hear the few last words I ever am to utter.

“ And you likewise, dear companions with me in misfortune, whom your masters, in their policy, drag hither, that my death may serve as an example to deter you from a repetition of a



like offence, I die for ; hear AGATHON, your friend, your brother. 'Tis for your advantage, not my own, I speak ; for you remain in slavery, while I am on the point of quitting it. This scaffold is to me the cill of liberty.

“ The sovereign Being, when he made me, surely designed I should be free ; and independance was the first of all his gifts. How, therefore, have I lost that gift ?—White men, 'tis you I ask...

“ A thief attacked the life and habitation of my father. I defended them as long as I had power to lift my arm against him ; but at last he overpowered me. This thief exchanged me for a certain quantity of an intoxicating liquor. Was I in the least degraded on account of so vile a commerce ? Liquor may deprive those men who drink it of their understanding, but can never surely change the nature of a human being, who at all times kept it from his lips, because he thought it would no less defile them than a lie.

“ Such then, atrocious men, is in reality your right and title to me. An abominable right and title. I confess, my father had a right and title in me, and with justice on his side he might have punished me, if I had been rebellious ; but to sell me was a thing he could not with justice do. Could I do so myself ? I had a right to risk my life ; but then my liberty was never at my own disposal. Do you think then you could buy, for brandy, of a thief, what neither I nor my father had a right to sell ?

“ Those watches you are used to carry about with you and consult, are yours, the workman gave them to you in exchange for money. He might lawfully do so ; but if, instead of that *material* spring which makes them go, an *immaterial* soul had been bestowed upon them, in that case the workman would have had no right to sell them. I have, notwithstanding such a truth, been bought, though animated with the breath of God. As soon as I was bought, you fancied I had lost the dignity or nature of a human being. You considered me as if I had been nothing but a beast of burthen. You confounded me among your cattle. Did I say *among your cattle* ?—Was I used so well ?

“ When craft and cunning have inveigled a wild horse into your nets, you first of all attempt to bring down his ferocity before you tame him. It is only by degrees you make a state of servitude familiar to him. You caress the creature, just before you put the bit into his mouth. The first burthens he is made to bear are light ; you let him rest when he is fatigued ; and feed him to keep up his strength. But was it thus you

treated me? or is it thus you treat those miserable beings who now hear me?

"But indeed you had no need to bring down my ferocity. I cherished you before I knew your natures. I considered you as beneficent divinities, and blessed the moment when I fell into your hands. I fought, by every method, to inspire my fellow-slaves and bondsmen with the same idea of you. Miserable friends, I deceived you! Pardon me—I was deceived myself.

"And thou, respectable old man, that I regret while dying, thou whose name is no less dear than my own father's to me, I forgive thee from my heart, for having made me love and reverence men of thy complexion. I imagined all the whites were like thee. Thrown upon our coast by shipwreck and the tempest, with what gratitude didst thou not receive my services, when I had brought thee to our cabin! With what friendship didst thou not instruct me in the knowledge of thy country! I thought my soul enlarged while listening to thee. Thou bestowedst, in some measure, a new life upon me. After this, I could not but esteem you, white men. At noon, when I had brought my father to a range of cocoa trees, where he might sit beneath their shadow, I was used to bring thee likewise. I was used to pluck and open for thee their refreshing fruit, while thou wouldst lift my thoughts up to that Being who first bade the trees *bear fruit for men*.

"I looked upon all those men as making one great family. I thought that family was headed by a common father, who loved all his children; but oh, great Creator, what a family! On one side tyranny, ferocity, and avarice! On the other, patience, slavery, and submission! Such was the allotment.

"What a length of time was there not necessary to extinguish in my heart the affections I indulged myself in for you, white people! What indignities have I not undergone before I could be brought to hate you! When first you punished me I thought I could not but be guilty, since I could not fancy you would be unjust. Your repeated barbarities, however, now make me detest you. Could I possibly suppress my execrations, in the midst of your barbarity, for every past injustice done me? Recollect your recent cruelties.

"Close by my hut I saw a slave, quite spent with toil and hunger, hold out to her skinny babe a dry and shrivelled nipple. Milk was what it wanted; but instead of it, I saw it swallow those big tears that trickled down the mother's cheek upon her bosom, I was moved to share my dinner with her. I deferred work for hers. Look at her. She is there among the crowd.



That melancholy looking woman yonder that holds up her child.

“ This deed, for which my heart has so well paid me, and on which the GREAT ETERNAL will alone grant a blessing for, how did you recompense me for it, whites ? (Untie me, executioner ; untie my arms ; I cannot run away, because my legs are fettered) There ! (*uncovering his shoulders*) behold it written on my back ! The recompense of my humanity !

“ I dare not mention every tittle of your cruelty ; but when my body is exposed and naked, come black men and contemplate thereon, if you have so much courage, the effects of your relentless master’s ferocity ; and you, whites, be pleased at the refinements of your cruelty. The scars upon my back are for refusing what you called a marriage. Were you to propose, a second time, that marriage, and annex my life to the proposal, I would still refuse it.

“ What advantage could I hope for from whatever marriage you proposed me ? You that, when your vessel brought me over, and three hundred fellow captives with me, would have thrown ten of them overboard, lest you should lose the money, as you said, insured upon them. It was certain they would die of the disease they were afflicted with, when your insatiate avarice prompted you to drown them. Of the ten, eight manfully jumped overboard ; the other two were, with their fetters, flung into the sea, and you beheld them struggle with the waves, before they sunk for ever. White men, could you, after such a barbarous action, swear that through the dangers of the seas you lost those ten poor murdered negroes ? White men only have the art of shunning perjury by cruelty, no less than that of devils.

“ When the thief, I have already spoke of, took me prisoner, I was going to unite my fortune to the lovely *Zemarind*. She had received my presents, and her mother had sent me the usual *arrows*. Every thing was ready. All the flutes were tuned ; the maidens and young men had learned the marriage song. They had composed the dance, and happiness—despairing recollection !—but thou shalt not at this moment steal upon me and subdue my manhood. White men, why were you inhuman ? Had you favoured me, I might have then—but why should I have added the servitude of others coming from me ? Should I have communicated my existence to beloved little ones when your barbarity compelled me to curse my own existence ? All my limbs were in your power. Your whips and scourges made me feel it. I had constancy enough to brave your torments ;

but, alas ! I should have lost it had I seen my wife and children.—Children ! Can a slave have children ? No, no ; he may multiply the cattle white men deal in, but he can have no children.

“ Should I have presented you with other victims ? Perish rather the whole negroe race. May they for ever disappear, and slavery with them. But not so ; for slavery would not disappear. Your savage souls would not lie dormant ; you would subjugate each other.

“ May the negroe race then multiply, and be at last enlightened. May they, one day or another—tyrants, you turn pale, and dare not lift your eyes up ; but take courage—may they, one day or another, not make white men slaves, but shew, by their behaviour, they consider all men brethren. This is my last prayer. May the Eternal grant it. Executioner perform thy office. Mangle as thou wilt this present house of clay, and let my soul out, that ere night it may rest with its Creator.”

E.

### OF LITERARY HABITS.

**A** MAN who is endeavouring to qualify himself for writing, ought to aim at expanding his mind, by frequent exercises of his faculties, as at storing it with ideas by reading and observation. These two studies will not interfere with each other, for there are times when we can neither read nor observe, and he who wishes for reputation should never be idle. The end, indeed, of all intellectual exertions, is the collection of ideas ; and he who is furnished with a copious and valuable stock, wants little besides to recommend him to public attention, and to ensure reputation. The expansion of the mind is necessary to the attainment of this end ; for if we have not vigorous faculties, we cannot take extended views, and if we do not take extended views, we cannot collect valuable ideas.

Ignorance, though a fault, ought never to be a reproach to a man ; the acquisition of knowledge requires not only rare and extraordinary resources, but circumstances, fortunate and happy. Hence learned and wise men have always been rare in the world. As knowledge possesses sufficient charms to induce us to make extraordinary sacrifices ; to be able to think systematically upon all subjects must be highly desirable, and to reason upon and define remote causes, must carry along with it innumerable advantages and many pleasures, unknown to the igno-



rant. A man, with a mind undisciplined, cannot be said to enjoy rational existence; he views every object with the like apathy, and treats every circumstance with the same indifference; but bring him into the company of sensible men, and you open upon him a source of uneasiness and care; he then discovers his inferiority, and the thought is galling, that convinces us of our own inability.

A man of abilities extracts pleasure from every object; his reveries and contemplations are replete with vivacity, philanthropy, and sympathy. The mind is a mirror that receives a colour from every object that surrounds it. Among fools a man has every chance of becoming vapid; change the scene, and the mind changes also; wander into the fields, see the verdure of the hills, and the serenity of a cloudless atmosphere, and we expand from nothing to something, from a state of imbecility to vivacity, vigour, and life.

Learning and knowledge have a right to assume even a kind of consequence; the weak must be directed and governed by the strong, and nothing can qualify a man so well for the task as knowledge. Knowledge is the produce of thought; a thinking man is invariably a sensible man; we have only, therefore, to record accurately the deductions and operations of the mind, and give a volubility to our feelings, to claim the attention, and gain the esteem of our fellow-creatures. The deductions of the human intellect, when accurately observed, will always be found to be regular, orderly, and systematic. As in the operations of our minds, we will find our ideas in general produced by some external and prominent object, which being viewed and analyzed, and after a variation, appear in an original and unknown dress.

It would be a happy thing could we find out the means of generating or producing ideas at pleasure. Our enquiry should be chiefly directed to such things and situations as will move the senses—in crowds, it may be remarked, the mind is unnerved, dissipated, and diminished; it, like the body, requires continual nourishment, and, I believe, nothing is so well adapted to produce a train of thinking, as solitude. A man wishing to attain excellence, should religiously abstract himself from all the fascinating gaities of life, and impose upon himself the most rigorous discipline. By retiring, at proper seasons, from the unmeaning, though seductive noise of the multitude, we will first discover the rare qualities of the mind; and by a continuance of the same regimen, bring them to maturity.

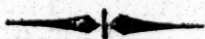
Sojourning, in a wild romantic country, is excellently adapted,

to produce those enthusiastic bursts of feeling so admired in ingenious literary men. The survey of the grand and sublime parts of nature, never fails to create those emotions of sensibility that incites us to give our feelings to the world.

Men are pretty well convinced that there are such things as taste and elegance in writing; it is perhaps a curious paradox, that all Europe should continue (in matters of literature) in the paths pointed out to it by Greece and Italy. This has no precedent in the history of nations; but I believe there can be no excellence even aimed at, without a knowledge of the languages, arts, and literature of those two famous nations. Persons, who, by the nature of their education, are debarred from tasting the beauties which these languages contain, to cover their own ignorance, may sometimes call in question their utility. They may ask, Is knowledge any thing more than the sum of human ingenuity, accumulated by human industry? If so, why may not the speculations of an Englishman contain as much information as a Greek or Latin Classic, and why should we not as soon take the model of an epic or dramatic poem from the Sanscrit or the Arabic, as from the Greek and Latin?

PHILANDER.

March 10, 1798.



## ON KNOWLEDGE, AND THE PROGRESSIVE STATE OF MAN.

"Says ROUSSEAU to me one day, You ask me to shew you the road to happiness—only pursue the same track of acquiring knowledge, that you have already gone, but keep always in mind, that as vice is the grossest ignorance, so virtue is the most perfect knowledge."

**K**NOWLEDGE of every kind is either intuitive or acquired; or, in other words, it is either derived from the immediate perception of truth, or the slower deductions of reason. The first, in a strict and absolute sense, is peculiar to the Deity, whose knowledge, being unbounded, enables him, at one view, to see all things past, present, and to come. But though the great Creator possesses all knowledge in himself, yet he hath communicated certain portions of this attribute to the whole of his animated creation. To the inferior orders he hath given instincts and propensities, which serve them as the immediate sources of all that knowledge which is necessary to afford them the means of supporting their life, and enjoying as much happiness as is suited to their condition. As for those elevated beings, who we suppose placed in the first rank of creation, doubtless their know-



ledge must proceed from intuition; for were it acquired from the investigations of reason and comparison of ideas, this employment being often difficult and laborious, might impair their happiness, and be incompatible with a state of consummate felicity.

Amidst the multiplicity of beings endowed with life, which Omnipotence brought into existence, man was not deprest to the lowest, nor raised to the highest part of the scale, but placed in the middle space between the animal and intellectual worlds, and may be considered the link of that great chain which connects both together. From the first he derives his body, and by the powers of his mind he is nearly allied to the latter; and both his outward and inward frame display a superiority over every other creature upon earth. But there are strong, at least highly presumptive arguments, to prove that man is destined by his Maker to fill a higher sphere than that which at present he occupies, as will appear from the following considerations. We may presume that the Almighty does nothing in vain, nor dispenses gifts, but in order to answer the end for which he bestows them. Now the first and greatest gift which we have received from the hands of our Creator is life, the foundation of all our comforts and enjoyments; yet the time of our enjoying it is but short, and also uncertain. This is a truth of which every other day gives us the most affecting proofs; and though the love of life is one of the strongest and deepest-rooted principles of our nature, yet we find, by experience, that neither human power nor art can ward off the attacks, nor prevent the fatal stroke of death, the last and irresistible enemy of the human race. But can we believe that the great Husbandman would have so plentifully sown the seeds of life among beings stamped with his own image, and yet permit all the plants which they produce, so soon to wither and die away, had he not intended that what cannot take place here, should be accomplished hereafter.

As the Supreme Being could receive no additional glory or felicity from any thing without himself, we may take for granted that he had no other design in creating the world, but, by indulging his exuberant goodness, to communicate happiness to an infinite variety of beings, to whom he had given capacities for the enjoyment of it. Happiness, therefore, being the chief end of man, his Maker implanted within him such an ardent and incessant desire after it, that it became his primary and principal pursuit through life. But experience proves, that it is only a partial share of this heavenly boon which the best of men can enjoy in the present state, and that, too, mixed with ingredients of an opposite nature. This I own cannot be easily reconciled:

to the character and perfections of the all-bountiful Parent of the human race, without taking into consideration a future state, when he will gratify the most enlarged desires of his children, and make them fully and compleatly answer the end for which he sent them into life and being.-----This argument acquires additional strength from the unequal and promiscuous distribution of good and evil among the inhabitants of this globe. Here we often see virtue and innocence grievously afflicted, and groaning under many of the evils of life; while arrogance and vice wallow in ease and prosperity, and ride triumphantly through the world with an overbearing hand. And does not this suggest a cogent argument in favour of an after state of retribution, when the just Judge of all the earth will vindicate the equity of his administration, by recompensing the virtuous and good for all their sufferings, and apportioning the punishments of the worthless and incorrigible to the demerit of their crimes?

Besides the propensities of his nature, man is endowed with such capacities and powers as seem, by proper exercise, capable of carrying him forward in an endless progression of light, purity, and perfection. Even in the present state of frailty and error, it is impossible to say how far the human mind may be expanded, and what objects it may be able to comprehend. Every successive generation introduces into the world new and useful discoveries, while the names of their authors are recorded in the annals of fame, and transmitted to posterity with lustre and grateful remembrance. To the indelible honour of this kingdom, it has produced some of the most eminent among such characters; witness a Bacon, a Newton, and a Locke. If these, or such like luminaries, could, in the short period of an ordinary life, investigate and establish so many invaluable truths, what might they not have done, had they lived as long as we are told of the first of the human race, and had all the time, with equal assiduity, pursued their enquiries into the natural and moral world?

The powers of the mind within us may be compared to many things in nature without us: They are small and weak in their beginnings, but are so constituted as to be of a growing and increasing nature; and they would continually increase, were not their progress retarded by the manner of our formation. Tho' man is as a single individual in the creation of God, yet he is of a complicated make, and consists of what is called a soul (or mind) and a body. Between these there is such an intimate union, that they mutually support and are supported by each other, inasmuch, that what affects the one is sensibly felt by the other. It is this union which alone constitutes the character and



conveys the true idea of a man, and distinguishes him from every other being in the universe. Our very senses bear testimony to this truth; for when maladies, or wounds, or sickness, or old age, derange the bodily organs, the powers of the mind are thereby weakened and impaired so far, that we lose the use of one faculty after another, till at last death divests us of every vital principle, and consigns us to that state, where, in the words of an ancient and sacred writer, "there is neither work nor device, nor thought nor wisdom." But this is only to give scope to the great Creator to exert a fresh act of his omnipotent power, in repairing and renewing the shattered fabric (which he made at first of frail materials), and rendering it infinitely more durable and glorious. I may subjoin, in confirmation of the above, that it is the great and leading doctrine of christian revelation, that a man here shall be a man hereafter; which is, in other words, declaring, that the soul and body shall again be united.

Though the all-bountiful Author of nature hath given capacities for improvement to the whole of his rational offspring, yet he hath distributed these in different and unequal degrees. Hence we find, among the human species, individuals who have a stronger propensity after, and a greater degree of aptness and facility for acquiring, different branches of knowledge in the mechanical and literary world, and expertness in arts and active life, than others. This is what is called GENIUS, and is a gift of nature, of which neither art nor industry can supply the want. But here I must remark an instance both of the bounty and wisdom of Providence. When a strong genius is implanted in the mind, it is generally accompanied by another principle, viz. an active and strong desire of indulging and improving this talent. How many surprising instances of this kind have appeared in the world? Men labouring under the greatest disadvantages, yet, by their indefatigability, breaking through obstacles and impediments seemingly unsurmountable, and pursuing their favourite studies, till they acquired honour to themselves, and contributed to the benefit of the community of which they were members.

Some have objected to the acquisition of knowledge, because it is often used for the most criminal purposes. True it is, the corruption of the best things is frequently the most noxious; but one may with equal propriety object against two nobler gifts than knowledge, which are as much perverted and abused; I mean reason and religion. Our Maker does not treat us as inanimate matter, but deals with us in a suitableness to the nature he hath given us. He bestows the gifts, but we must im-

prove them ; and for this purpose he hath afforded us both time and talents.

I shall conclude this cursory essay with an useful reflection.—All knowledge is at best but a mean. When we pursue it as an end, it proves nothing but a vain and idle amusement. Its true end is, to teach us the practice of virtue and genuine piety ; and so to live and act while passing through this turbulent scene, as to be as happy as we can reasonably expect, till at last we grow up to a ripeness for a higher state of uninterrupted peace, happiness, and joy.

ROBT MILN, M. A.

*Carlisle, June 3d, 1799.*

### ANECDOTE

*Of Stanislaus, King of Poland, abdicating the Throne.*

ON St Catherine's day, Repnin went to the king, and laid before him several papers that had been sent from Petersburg, as the act of his abdication, a resignation of his pretensions to the crown, &c. which Stanislaus signed in the morning, and which Repnin immediately published through the city. The king of Poland afterwards introduced his former mistress, and declared that she had been married to him seven years ; and legitimatizing all the children that he had by her, made over to them the remainder of his fortune ; then bursting into tears, his usual relief in misery, he dismissed his servants.—There was in the evening a ball, at which Repnin presented the dethroned king to the company.—Such was the end of Stanislaus' reign.

Let us now cast our eyes upon the martyrs of Polish liberty. At Minster, on the day when the new governor made his entrance, the prisoners of war were assembled, and the empress's edict was read to them, which ordered them to be divided and incorporated among the Russian regiments. One of the Poles, on hearing the edict, advanced from the ranks, and addressing himself to his general, Crouchef, declaimed with the greatest energy against the want of faith, and the tyranny of his sovereign. In the midst of his speech the general approached, and gave him a stroke with his cane—that stimulus, which makes a Russian and a German move. The soldier, indignant at being treated like a slave, drew a dagger from his pocket, and killed the general, wounded a major that ran to the general's assistance, and then stabbed himself ; saying to the Russians that surrounded him, “ Tell the Czarina, before whom you only crawl and cringe, that Poland still contains republicans.” P.



# POETRY.

## ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

**M**Y curse upon your venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortur'd gums along,  
And thro' my lugs gi's mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines!

When fever burns, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics know, or cholic squeezes,  
Our neighbours' sympathy does ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan!

But thee--thou hell of a' diseases,  
Ay mocks our moan!

Ah! down my beard the flavers trickle!  
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keckle  
To see me loup;

While raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'ft, daft bargains, cutty stools,  
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see!

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools.  
Thou bear'ft the gree!

Whare'er that place by priests ca'd hell,  
Where a' the tongues o' mis'ry yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
In dreadfu raw,  
Thou, tooth-ache, surely bear'ft the belle  
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,  
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel,  
In gore a shoc-thick;

Gie a' the foes o' Scotland's weal  
A towmonds tooth-ache!

BURNS.

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

THE wars for many a month were o'er,  
 E'er I could reach my native shed ;  
 My friends ne'er hop'd to see me more,  
 But wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew nigh, the cottage blaz'd ;  
 The ev'ning fire was clear and bright ;  
 And thro' the window long I gaz'd,  
 And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,  
 My mother drew her useful thread,  
 My brothers strove to make them chat,  
 My sisters bak'd the household bread :

And Jean oft whisper'd to a friend,  
 That still let fall a silent tear ;  
 But soon my Jessy's grief shall end—  
 She little thinks her Harry's near.

My mother saw her catching sighs,  
 And hid her face behind the rock ;  
 While tears swam round in all their eyes,  
 And not a single word was spoke.

What could I do ?—If in I went,  
 Surprise might chill each tender heart :  
 Some story, then, I must invent,  
 And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,  
 And crooked up a lying knee ;  
 And found, that, e'en in that blest place,  
 Not one dear friend knew ought of me.

I ventur'd in—Tray wagg'd his tail,  
 And fawn'd,—and to my mother ran :  
 " Come here," they cry'd ; " what can he ail ;"  
 While my feign'd story I began.

I chang'd my voice to that of age,  
 " A poor old soldier lodgings crave :"  
 The very name their loves engage :  
 " A soldier ! aye, the best we have."



My father then drew in a seat,  
 "Your welcome," with a sigh, he said;  
 My mother fry'd her best hung meat,  
 And curds and cheese the table spread.  
 "I had a son," my father sigh'd,  
 "A soldier, too; but he is gone."  
 "Have you heard from him?" I reply'd;  
 "I left behind me many a one:—  
 "And many a message I have brought  
 "To families I cannot find;  
 "Long for John Goodman's have I fought,  
 "To tell them Hall's not far behind."  
 "O! does he live?" my father cry'd;  
 My mother did not stay to speak;  
 My Jessy now I silent ey'd  
 Who throb'd as if her heart would break.  
 "He lives indeed!—this 'kerchief see,  
 "At parting his dear Jessy gave;  
 "He sent it her, with love by me,  
 "To shew he yet escapes the grave."  
 An arrow, darting from a bow,  
 Could not more quick the token reach:  
 The patch from off my face I drew,  
 And gave my voice its well-known speech.  
 "My Jessy, dear!" I softly said;  
 She gaz'd, and answer'd with a sigh;  
 My sisters look'd as half afraid,  
 My mother fainted quite for joy.  
 My father danced round his son,  
 My brothers shook my hand away,  
 My mother said, her glass might run,  
 She car'd not now how soon the day.  
 "Hout, woman!" cry'd my father dear,  
 "A wedding first I'm sure we'll have;  
 "I warrant we'll live this hundred year,—  
 "Nay, may be, la's, escape the grave.

MISS BLAMIRE.

## MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[To our Mathematical Readers we have hitherto withheld this department of our work, more from an apprehension of being able to procure respectable papers upon that subject, than any other cause. We are happy, however, in now announcing, that we will, in future, appropriate a small part of the work to our scientific contributors; and, from our respectable communications, we are led to presume it will be worth the attention of all respectable Mathematicians.]

To the EDITOR of the SATELLITE.

SIR,

IT is a disputed point among Mathematicians, whether the sums of infinite additions are equal; as, for instance, the sums of the series  $2+2+2+$ , &c. and  $4+4+4+$ , &c. continued *ad infinitum*. This, in the following little essay, I have ventured to consider, and if it falls in with the plan of your miscellany, I shall feel obliged by your giving it a place.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

FORTINBRASS.

The sum of the series  $2+2+2+$ , &c. may be represented by  $\frac{2}{1-1} = \frac{2}{0}$ ; and the sum of the other series  $4+4+4+$ , &c. by  $\frac{4}{1-1} = \frac{4}{0}$ ; hence the question becomes this: Is  $\frac{2}{0}$  equal to  $\frac{4}{0}$ , or less; or, generally, is  $\frac{a}{0}$  equal to  $\frac{ca}{0}$ , or less?  $c$  being greater than unity. I answer it in this manner: Because  $a \times 0 = 0 = ca \times 0$ ,  $\frac{a}{0}$  is  $= \frac{a}{a \cdot 0} = \frac{1}{0}$  and  $\frac{ca}{0} = \frac{ca}{ca \cdot 0} = \frac{1}{0}$ ; whence  $\frac{a}{0} = \frac{ac}{0}$ , and the sum of the series  $2+2+2+$ , &c. equal to the sum of the series  $2+2+2+$ , &c.

But the same may thus be demonstrated: Let  $z$  = any arch of a circle,  $r$  = radius,  $t$  = tangent,  $c$  = cotangent, and infinity equal  $\infty$ ; then will  $t \times c = r^2$ , and since when  $z = 90'$  the tangent is infinite, the equation  $t \times c = r^2$  becomes  $\infty \times c = r^2$ . Again, suppose the radius =  $ar$ , then under the same circum-



stances we obtain  $\infty \times 0 = a^2 r^2$ , and consequently  $\infty = \frac{r^2}{0} = \frac{a^2 r^2}{0}$ , agreeing with our former conclusion.

It must, however, be observed, that what we have proved, extends only to infinite quantities of the same kind; for if we take an infinite right line, an infinite square, and an infinite cube, and denote a part of the right line by  $a$ , we shall have the infinite

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Right line} &= \infty \cdot a \\ \text{Square} &= \infty^2 \cdot a^2 \\ \text{Cube} &= \infty^3 \cdot a^3\end{aligned}$$

in which three distinct orders of infinite quantities, the second is manifestly infinitely greater than the first, and the third infinitely greater than the second.



#### NEW QUESTIONS PROPOSED TO BE ANSWERED.

*Quest. I. By Mr James Thornbourn, Brampton.*

THE space BC described by a heavy body in falling by the force of gravity, after having descended through any distance AB, is equal to half the sum of the velocities at B and C multiplied by the time of falling through BC. Required the demonstration?

*Quest. II. By Mr Charles Cottfield.*

Required to divide a spherical triangle into two equal parts by a line drawn from the vertex to terminate in the base?

*Quest. III. By Zimpo.*

Required the maximum and minimum values of the function  $x^3 + ay^2 - bxy + cx$ ?

N. B. Questions proposed in future, must have solutions sent along with them.

✂ Our Review of Public Affairs is unavoidably postponed for want of room. In the 6th No. which will conclude this part, we shall give an accurate sketch of the State of Politics on the Continent, which we flatter ourselves will give universal satisfaction.

No. VI.

OF THE

SATELLITE,

OR

*Repository of Literature;*

CONSISTING OF

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,

(CHIEFLY ORIGINAL)

INTENDED FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

USEFUL AND POLITE KNOWLEDGE.

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[JUNE, 1800.]



## A N E C D O T E S.

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### FRIENDSHIP.

After the invasion of Ireland, at Killala, when, by the temporary success of General Humbert, the corps of General Lake was defeated, an English officer was wounded in the retreat, and left weltering in his blood in a ditch half full of water. When they went to look after the dead, this young officer was attempting to crawl from his situation, with a view to effect his escape, but was overtaken and conducted to a place of confinement. His wounds were dressed, which only being slight, he was next day nearly recovered, when he was observed by an insurgent to be very melancholy. This insurgent was a young man, an officer in a corps of rebels, but seemed particularly attentive to the prisoners, and was desirous of rendering them as comfortable as their disagreeable situation would admit of. When they met each others looks, they gazed at each other with surprise, and at length discovered that, in present enemies, they saw former schoolfellows and friends. Their present joy was tumultuous, but the discovery of each others danger involved them in fresh troubles. The insurgent officer saw nothing but ruin and disgrace attending the cause he had espoused, as a few days would inevitably decide his fate: the English lieutenant trembled for his own existence, as, in the absence of any of the officers, the least alarm would inflame the unbridled fury of the mob, and would be wrecked upon the prisoners. To save each other from these impending dangers, an escape was immediately planned, which was that night put in execution. A pardon was soon after obtained, when the two friends had the happiness of congratulating each other upon their escape. The scene still was unfinished, for the lieutenant had a wife and two children, but judge what were the sensations of his friend, when, upon the introduction, he discovered his only and his beloved sister.

A certain vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape: "Oh, Oh, Mr Twangum," says the vicar, "from whence come you?" "Why, I don't know, doctor," says he, "I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport." "Aye, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive, after your *spinning* it out, you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home."

OVIDIUS.

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THE  
*SATELLITE.*

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No. VI.  
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MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR JOHN HOWARD,  
*MATHEMATICIAN.*

**I**T has been observed, that the man of superior genius in any department of science, sooner or later breaks through the bonds of prejudice and the shackles of obscurity, and acquires his proper place in the sphere of civilized society. This seems to be a most erroneous opinion: For though the abilities of Fergussan, or Johnson, were appreciated, and their respective talents met ultimately with the reward they deserved; nevertheless, the names of the immortal Milton, of Becher, and of Chatterton, names that are dear to humanity, prove that genius is too often consigned to neglect, and their merit not sufficiently valued, till they are mouldering in the dust. Sometimes, indeed, the splendour of great talents meets with that attention which they really deserve, as the instance of the ingenious Roscoe will evince; but it often unfortunately happens, that fortuitous circumstances, or the patronage of the great, must frequently bring ingenious men into the notice of the world, while the effrontery of the pedant obtrudes himself into favour and applause.

The late John Howard is an instance of the apathy and unconcern with which the world too often views the splendour of genius. Born in an obscure state of life, the fervour of an ardent and enthusiastic mind was the only combatant of neglect, and his industry alone supplied the defect of encouragement and a patron. It were to be wished that there was a tribunal to which merit might appeal, that the plausible pretender might be distinguished from the philosophic enquirer, that empiricism and ignorance might be exposed, and sterling worth might be valued when it has passed the ordeal. It is not to be denied



that merit is often rescued from oblivion by the judicious critics of our metropolis ; but they are most frequently under the impression of particular opinions, which prevent them from judging with impartiality upon many literary productions. A character, when once lost, is not easily regained ; and sometimes a sentiment of approbation is bestowed, when it should be rather deprecated as a nuisance. Such are the evils of partiality ; and when misrepresentation has once begun its career, like the voice of a mob, it is difficult to arrest its progress. To such literary assassins, who would not meet him on the topic of impartial discussion, the late Mr Howard was an instance of being a victim, among many ; and posterity will only regret, that such a man was overlooked and neglected.

It was this ardour of enquiry that impeded his labours as a mechanic ; for though the authority of a parent had placed him successively at the businesses of a cork-cutter, carpenter, sailor, and flax-dresser, he abandoned each of them in their turn, and ultimately had recourse to the needy employment of a school-master, with which he finished his days.

Some time after the rebellion of 1745, the garrison of Fort George, in Scotland, was built as a rendezvous for the military, to check and overawe the unsubordinate and seditious clans of the highland chieftains. In this place was the parents of Mr Howard residing, when, in the year 1753, he drew his first breath. His father, Relp Howard, was a private in a marching regiment ; but his relations living mostly in Carlisle, it was there he was nurtured, till he arrived near to manhood.

At the age of fourteen, he was placed under the care of his uncle, to learn the business of a cork-cutter ; but, owing to the tyranny of this guardian relative, he fled from his employment, and became voluntarily a sailor. Thus bred in the lap of ignorance, he immersed from the gripe which fortune seemed to have doomed him, and acquired solely by the energy of his own faculties, an accurate acquaintance with his vernacular tongue. Not relishing the hardships of a seafaring life, he was advised to adopt the profession of a carpenter ; and that displeasing him, he was again compelled from necessity to become a flax-dresser. In these different employments, he devoted his leisure time to study ; but as necessity presented him with an uncomfortable occupation, and little time as he had for instruction, he adopted the sentiment of Dr Priestley, that the " best way to improve in a science, was to consult and analyze its elements." He, there-

fore, adopted the resolution of endeavouring to teach himself by instructing others, and began to open a school in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where, by the exertion of his talents, he made a wonderful proficiency in the mathematics.

His abilities now becoming popular, he was induced to remove to Carlisle in the year 1780, where he was universally respected. As a scientific character, he was revered; and on the accession of the son of the late Edmund Law to the see of Clonfert, in Ireland, in the year 1782, he was induced, by the solicitations of that venerable prelate, to accept of the office of his steward. He had here an opportunity of improving those talents for which he had so excellent a capacity, and which formerly he had little leisure to pay attention to; it indeed appears he did not misapply those hours, which a remission from the duties of his office, and an access to a valuable library, presented him with. Here he, no doubt, laid the foundation of that celebrity in mathematics to which he afterwards arrived. Like the child of gratitude, the author of this paper has seen him shed tears, when he recollected the mental improvement he received from the hand of his employer, and when he was talking over the subjects upon which he received so much assistance from the friendship of the Bishop of Clonfert. It is but justice to acknowledge, that had it not been owing to his Lordship's assistance, he would not have made so rapid a progress in the science as he did. Mr Howard has, indeed, acknowledged the many obligations he was under to him, and he has said frequently, that it was under the bishop's roof that he laid the plan of the treatise on spherical geometry, which he afterwards published.

He had scarcely lived four years in the employment of the bishop, when an unfortunate marriage occasioned a rupture between them. To the cause of his connection with this woman, the failings and the unhappiness which Mr Howard afterwards experienced, is to be in a great measure attributed. It was not to a corrupted heart, nor the errors of a deluded judgment, that they were to be ascribed, but merely to the impulse of momentary passion, previously harrassed and tortured by repeated injuries; and being possessed of a susceptible mind, these ebullitions escaped his sober judgment, as it were, by surprise, not by premeditation. Over this part of his life, however, his friends will draw a veil; for even his enemies, when they accuse him of immorality, will remember that some part of his foibles may be traced to the ingrateful and improper conduct of themselves.

In the year 1786, he again returned to Carlisle, where he re-



sumed his former occupation as a preceptor. Soon after which, he distinguished himself by his ingenious communications to the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries, in which, as Dr Hutton observes, "almost every English mathematician, who has arrived at any degree of eminence, for the best part of this century, has contended for fame at one time or other of his life." In the Gentlemen's Diary for the year 1791, he gave the solution of a spherical problem he had proposed the preceding year; "To construct the spherical triangle, of which the base, one of the adjacent angles, and the sum of the other two, is given." The facility of the method of solution, adopted by him, has been much admired, and has given rise to a variety of problems of a similar nature being propounded in different periodical works since that time.

He continued in Carlisle till the spring of 1794, reaping but a scanty subsistence, considering his eminent talents. He therefore enjoyed a rational prospect of filling with propriety the situation which Dr Hutton occupied while in Newcastle. That situation he enjoyed, and it is presumed was filled with equal ability; but a declining state of health blasted every prospect set before him. Soon after he came to his new residence, he communicated a valuable paper to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne, on the construction of the common balance; which, in consequence of the society's transactions not having yet been published, has not yet appeared.

In the year 1798, his long expected publication on spherical geometry at length made its appearance, which has fully supplied that *desideratum* in mathematical science. The subject had been previously touched only in a desultory manner, but it was reserved for Mr Howard to provide a book of elements, which he has executed with judgment and ability. He had scarcely performed this service to the world, when a rapid decline of health almost immediately followed. The congratulatory acknowledgments of the friends of science, upon this acquisition to the mathematics, were his only consolations on a bed of sickness; it had not time to follow him with a reward for his labours, for so early as the 26th of March, 1799, did he finish his terrestrial career.

Thus died John Howard, at the age of 46.—In taking a survey of the general outlines of his character, we cannot help viewing him as an indefatigable scholar, a sincere friend, and a placable enemy. He was possessed of an inexhaustible fund of

humour, and of so sociable a disposition, that his attachment to good fellowship sometimes exceeded the bounds of discretion, especially when a *glass* was in circulation. What faults he had, we are perhaps not sufficiently acquainted with; but we are satisfied he was possessed of a good heart.—Mr Howard has left several specimens of a talent for poetry. His verses were generally the offspring of a few moments; they are, therefore, perhaps, not sufficiently polished, to be entitled to the rank of elegant of poetry; but must be classed among that species of versification, which contains a greater portion of sense than sonorous declamation.

His body is interred in the church-yard of St John's parish, Newcastle.—Reader, when thou markest the spot where his remains are deposited, weep over his failings, but regret that his merit was not better rewarded!

FRANKLIN.

Newcastle, October 1, 1799.

## AN ENQUIRY

CONCERNING THE

### CONNECTION BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE.

**I**N the SATELLITE, N<sup>o</sup>. 4, a note was inserted, expressive of a wish that this subject might be enquired into: If an abler hand has anticipated me, I will rejoice in its success; if not, this attempt may be a substitute, till a better appears. The subject may be divided into two heads: 1<sup>st</sup>, What part of human nature it is which acts in our moral and immoral conduct. 2<sup>d</sup>, Whether or not knowledge is fitted to influence this part. Virtue, with respect to the agent, implies a desire or the benefit of mankind, and *vice versa* of vice; desire is resolved into preference, and preference rests upon the understanding or reason; reason, therefore, is the arbiter of our conduct. It will be proper to premise, that this question relates solely to voluntary actions, or such as are accompanied with an expectation of certain consequences to result, for to these alone can moral blame or approbation be attached. When two series of actions are set before me to follow, the one virtuous, the other vicious, I make a comparative view of their merits, that is, which of them is most likely to promote my happiness. Hence a preference of one to the other arises, and consequently volition. Now it -ds



pears that this process actually precedes every voluntary act, or every act for which, as moral agents, we are accountable. It also appears, that in this process, which is purely an intellectual one, the understanding decrees, that it is good and desirable to be done: Thus a strict connection subsists between the understanding and the conduct; an avenue from the head to the heart is found; by which we may hope the words of the moralist not always to be heard in vain, and which gives us good ground to believe, that if the prosperity of any line of conduct can be shewn to the understanding, the actions will correspond. An opinion, however, far different from this has generally prevailed. It has been thought chimerical to suppose that man is, or ever will be, under the dominion of his reason. Man is compounded of several powers, which often jar with each other; instead of following his reason, he is oftener under the guidance of his passions, habits, and sensations, all of which are distinguished from the understanding, and whose influence it will be impossible to eradicate, as they form a part of human nature itself. Frequently do we see men, whose understanding willingly assents to the propriety of a virtuous life, but in their actions they shew themselves to be actuated by other motives. The safe and systematic conclusions of the understanding are deserted, while the prompt and irresistible excitements of sense bear sway. Thus are men prevented from following what they themselves believe to be, and what they warmly recommend to others as good. This, indeed, exhibits a melancholy prospect, and cannot but abate our reverence for knowledge, when we find that it ends in mere speculation; that it fills the mouth with smooth periods and sounding words, but leaves the conduct a prey to the baser and fallacious parts of our nature; when we find that its only effect is to render poison palatable, and, by arraying vice in specious colours, and smoothing its asperities, it makes that acceptable which, but for being so smoothed and arrayed, we would abhor. But, happily, these apprehensions, so distressing to one who has the interest of mankind sincerely at heart, a juster philosophy will teach us to discard. What are these omnipotent principles which thus nullify the decisions of truth? 1st, Passion. Passion is said to govern, when, in consequence of an extremely acute perception of the desirableness or undeniableness of any object, that is, of the pleasure or pain we suppose to arise from it, our determinations are quick and vigorous, and we carry our resolutions into execution with unusual ardour. However spectators may think an angry man blindly impelled, and totally des-

stitute of reason, when furiously he seeks the life of an aggressor, every one may know, from a careful inspection of himself, that, as well when agitated by passion as in his cool moments, it is his judgment which gives its sanction to every deed. This judgment is probably both transient and erroneous, still it is his judgment for the time being. My only aim is to shew, that man, in every state, is still actuated by the same power—understanding, which, happily for him, is susceptible of endless improvement. But man is also acted upon by corporeal appetites and sensations, which, in spite of reason, imperiously seize the reins, and carry him he knows not whither. Were these sensations ever resisted? Yes.—When? At such times as the thinking particle was already convinced that they ought to be resisted. Did the Spartan boy suffer without emotion a fox to corrode his entrails? Did Cranmer in modern times willingly consume his right hand? Does the American savage cheerfully support the most exquisite pains his ferocious tormentors can inflict? And, after such examples, who would prate on the capability of mere external sensation to counteract the influence of knowledge? Evince to me a greater good than following the bent of my inclinations will give, and my attention will be necessarily directed to that superior pleasure or inferior pain which you hold out. But reason, it is said, may be overwhelmed by the keen stimulus of external sense. Suppose I have the alternative, of sitting down to a most delicious banquet, or of performing a virtuous action, I chuse the latter, if I have a moderate portion of virtue; but meeting with an epicurean, who paints in so lively a manner the gratification of eating, I revoke my former judgment: but it is not in this case that my reason is taken away or overpowered, it is reason which gives the last decision as well as the first. It is only this, when alone, upon a comparison of the advantages of these actions, virtue appeared preferable; but when the pleasures of the banquet were described to me in an exaggerated manner, so as to make them seem the superior good, I could not but make choice of them. An understanding better informed, would have found arguments for the side of virtue sufficiently strong to counterbalance those adduced by the epicurean, and so still have adhered to the first judgment. But habit is hard to overcome; habit, which stamping its seal upon misconduct, prevents the wanderer from returning to the path of rectitude, which, from mistaken notions, he hath left. We will find, however, that habit can afford no insuperable obstacles to improvement. Habits are thus generated: To-day, I enquire



what conduct it will be best to pursue, and prefer that which my judgment pronounces best: To-morrow, I am involved in circumstances somewhat similar; and here, instead of instituting a fresh enquiry, I refer to the determination of yesterday. Thus I am hindered from taking advantage of the improvement made in my understanding, and the permanency of error is established. Habits are found in greatest vigour in indolent minds, little accustomed to investigation: The remedy, therefore, is, to cultivate the mind, as it is certain that by strengthening the one we destroy the other.

We have now gone through the first and most tedious part of our enquiry, in which we have seen that reason is the source of our moral conduct; it only remains to wind up the subject, by considering how far knowledge is necessary to virtue. Every voluntary act, previous to its being performed, has the signature of the understanding; in this, therefore, must the error lie, if the action be a wrong one, when, for want of better information, a depraved judgment is given, misnaming that *good*, which in reality is bad. For those, therefore, accustomed to issue such depraved moral judgments, instruction is loudly called for. Demonstrate to me the value of virtue, and that by a rejection of crime I will be benefitted, and I become virtuous; and this conviction of my understanding ought not to be treated as impracticable. It is a true proposition, that it is good for man to be virtuous, and every proposition can be communicated. Thus, whatever view of the subject we take, we come to this satisfactory conclusion; Improve the understanding, and the sinews of immorality will be relaxed.

To constitute a virtuous action, two things are requisite; 1<sup>st</sup>, That the motive for operating shall be, the good of mankind. 2<sup>d</sup>, That the action shall really possess this tendency which the agent wished to impart. The first of these, viz. intention, is of no farther importance than as an earnest of the latter. To be virtuous, we must perform what is for the good of mankind, otherwise our virtue falls short. How difficult, then, must it be, in the present complicated form of society, to discover the genuine interest of man; when to push, and when to desist from action. What comprehension is required for the philanthropist to know what it is incumbent on him to do! A mere wish to do good, is, of itself, a mere negative, but far oftener pernicious, as the number of assassinations, plots, and conspiracies, plainly evince. Many of these men, doubtless, desired the good of their fellow-men, and expected, that, by their diabolical proceedings

they were promoting it. How happy for their brethren and themselves, had that desire co-operated with an informed mind ! They would have seen, that they were but adding to the already too heavy afflictions which man has to sustain. How much better would it be, that the active man, who would be virtuous, should sink at once into a sluggard, unless his exertions are directed by a mind illumined by wisdom. How, then, can we hesitate in saying, that knowledge is necessary to the heart ? But why, it will be asked, are not men of talents always virtuous, since they must see the propriety of it so much better than other men ? Genius is too often so busied on other subjects, as not to pay that attention to conduct which it deserves. It appears that eminent virtue cannot exist, without eminent talents ; and this alone, even though talents should not always be accompanied with virtue, is a sufficient reason for strenuously insisting on the importance of knowledge. Vicious conduct will always be the detriment of the agent, as well as those against whom it is aimed. He who is completely aware of this, will probably desist from vice ; and who can be so well aware of it as the man of genius. Vice always proceeds either from erroneous judgment or self-deceit : The first of these, knowledge will amend ; the latter, it will detect. It cannot be doubted but that vice is irrational, neither for the advantage of the individual nor species. Cultivate the mind, that man may discover his true interests, and he will act accordingly ; he will perceive, that to respect the privileges of others, is the only way to preserve his own inviolate.

HORTENSIVS.

*Alnwick, May 14, 1799.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE ON THE MANNERS AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

“ Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere Calcar,  
“ Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.”

HOR.

**T**HE progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, have had always considerable effect in changing the manners of all nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are always distinguished.

The Romans, though by the overturn of their empire they had in a great measure lost that taste which had rendered the



productions of their ancestors so famous, and so justly held forward as models worthy to be imitated by all succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But the barbarians, who had overturned their empire, so far from being struck with those unknown accomplishments, despised them; they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts; they demolished their monuments with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have studied to preserve them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire, the violent and repeated revolutions in almost all the kingdoms which they established, kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt, and had communicated some sense of the advantages resulting from commerce, from public order, and personal security, the human mind becoming sensible of those advantages, which it had not for a long time enjoyed, began to turn with curiosity and attention to the different avocations, or pursuits, in which it had been formerly engaged. We discern, towards the beginning of the twelfth century, the first symptoms of it awaking from that lethargy in which it had been so long involved.

It is allowed, that the first literary efforts of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour, before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisitions. It is lamentable, that our ancestors, deviating from the course which nature points out, plunged at once into an abyss of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. To the simple and instructive doctrines of christianity, they added theories of vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to deride questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend or resolve. But it was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men on the renovation of literature, for most of those persons who had attempted to revive it, either had their instructions of science from the Greeks in the Eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or endless controversy; the latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who applied themselves to science were involved in a chaos of intricate enquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, they

were led astray by examples, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as extraordinary as they were difficult.

But it was amazing with what ardour these new studies were pursued. Colleges and universities were instituted, and an incredible number of students resorted to them. But there was one circumstance which rendered their studies from being so extensive as they would have been; all the languages at that time were barbarous; they were destitute of elegance, of force, and of perspicuity. All the sciences then cultivated, were taught in the Latin. This confined science within very narrow bounds; the learned only were admitted; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain in their former ignorance.

But notwithstanding literature was thus impeded, during several ages, from diffusing itself throughout society; nevertheless, it may be reckoned as one of the principal causes which introduced a mutation of manners in Europe. The ardour with which men pursued these ill-judged disquisitions, which I have described, occasioned an agitation of mind which put their intellectual faculties in motion. It led them to the employment of their intellects, which they found to be pleasant and useful. It accustomed them to those occupations which softened their manners, and gave them a taste for those virtues which are peculiar to all nations where science is cultivated.

#### PHILOLOGUS.

*Alnwick, May 11th, 1799.*

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### ON THE STATE OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN IN CARLISLE.

“The garden of my father is very productive, but its fruit trees require pruning.”

**W**HILE the rage for local and typographical history is become so popular, it is certainly not an unwise attempt to depict the present state of literature in a city which has employed the pen of an historian and antiquarian of the present day. To mark the progress of the human mind is not an unprofitable study; and if it tends to rouse from a lethargic stupor, or invigorate the exertions of the literary few in the metropolis of Cumberland, the end of the following observations is gained. It is not their object to serve any political interest, to spit the



splenetic gall with the breath of animosity, or to disparage the merits of any literary character ; the author disclaims such unworthy motives ; but while he would mark with precision the abilities of men, he cannot stoop to please the pretenders to literature, at the expence of truth, or of information.

The period has not long elapsed, since Carlisle could boast of two as eminent philosophers as any in England. The first, who is Edmund Law, bishop of Carlisle, has paid the debt of nature ; the other is Dr P. the pupil of that eminent prelate, who has been lately favoured with an increase to his pecuniary circumstances, by an advancement in the church, so that he seldom now visits the scenes which gave rise to his eminence in literary endowments. It must gratify, however, the friends of learning, to see abilities so amply compensated ; and the only wish we can now suggest, is, that the doctor would pay a debt which he no doubt owes, to patronize, in his turn, the modest and the unassuming. The lessons of philosophy, and the reasoning of Dr P. has certainly tended to diffuse a spirit of enquiry in Carlisle, and were there opportunities of displaying the talents which several ingenious young men are possessed of, they would do credit to the city and themselves.

Of all the literary acquaintance of the late Bishop Law, there is but now R. M. A. M. who resides in the city. To do justice to the abilities of this eminent character, we should make a complete review of all his literary productions. He has published several anonymous papers in different periodical works, in all which he displays that profundity of research, that strength of mind, which are rarely equalled. The subjects are boldly conceived, and withal elegantly written. Of all the specimens of sermon-writing which we have seen, none excels those of Mr M's. His discourse upon the death of the late Mr Benson is a masterpiece in funeral orations. The *Physico-Theological Lectures* evince his extensive powers, and we have to regret that such an useful production should have been so long out of print. We have seen announced, not long ago, a work entitled, " The Unity of, and the Varieties among the, Human Species ; containing a full review of all the leading arguments and objections hitherto made use of by writers upon this curious and entertaining subject," which, from the talents of the writer, we are led to hope will be an ingenious and interesting publication. That such an author, the friend and companion of Bishop Law, should have lived to a considerable old age, and to have combated little else but hardship and neglect, is but a poor compliment to the liberality of the present time. As an instance worthy to

be inscribed on a monument, of the independence of his principles, we shall record a single anecdote of his character. The friendship which the worthy prelate, Edmund Law, entertained for him, was even emulated by his son, the late Bishop of Killala, and now Bishop of Elphin. After his father's death, he paid a visit to Carlisle, and, among the rest of his friends, waited upon Mr M. Having at that time in his power the gift of a considerable benefice, supposed to be worth 300*l.* a year, he made the friend of his father the first offer.—Mr M. is a dissenting clergyman, has a very large family, and it is firmly believed his living cannot exceed 50*l.* a year; yet he had the magnanimity to refuse it, and replied, “that he would never forget the Bishop's generosity; but, at the same time, he would remember, that a good conscience was preferable to every other consideration which the pleasures of life could afford him.”

The ingenious Dr C. who was lately called to the chair of the Professorship of Arabic in the college of Cambridge, and is now Chancellor of St Mary's, next claims our attention. His acquaintance with that language very justly entitled him to the character of a learned man; and we shrewdly suspect, that the Reviewers of “the Specimens of Arabian Poetry, who insinuated that the Doctor might be viewed as a plagiarist, dictated their animadversions more from private pique than judicious criticism. These specimens unequivocally stamp their translator with the character of a POET; and, could our recommendation avail their respectable author any thing, we would not hesitate to pronounce them *an ornament to the learning and the taste of the present century*.—To the lovers of genuine poetry, we present the following stanzas, from the translations of the specimens, &c. with a sentiment of feeling and approbation.

- “ I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
- “ The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
- “ The floating curtains ev'ry fold extend,
- “ And vainly strive the charms of them to hide.”
- “ What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
- “ What melting glances through those curtains play!
- “ Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tuda's roes,
- “ Thro' yonder veils their sportive young survey.
- “ The band mov'd on—to trace their steps I strove,
- “ I saw them urge the camels hastening flight,
- “ Till the white vapour,\* like a rising grove,
- “ Snatch'd them for ever from my aching sight.

\* On the 8th of October, 1799, a paper was presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne, and read at the meeting, which



- " Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen ;  
 " The bands are burst which held us once so fast ;  
 " Memory but tells me, that such things have been ;  
 " And sad reflection adds, that they are past."

We understand the Doctor has in contemplation a work of greater magnitude, on a similar subject, and perhaps his expedition to the East may have arisen from a desire to render his work more complete, as well as his acquaintance with the oriental languages more perfect. With this view, our good wishes attend him ; and we trust that he will find an easy access to that country, from which our knowledge of the arts and sciences is derived,\* especially as the conqueror of Egypt is such a friend to intellectual acquirements.

Dr Fungus has long lived in the literary world, and his lucubrations have been confined to chemical studies, to which the learned have paid little attention. To be thus doomed to neglect, is a galling consideration ; but perhaps he may have paid little attention to facts, which result from experiment, and only drudges on in a beaten tract, without producing a single observation, except what has been made for centuries past. If our opinion could answer him any purpose, we would advise him either to reject a theory, unsupported by proof, or endeavour to make his dissertations stable, by absolute experiment. His character, as a friend to science, is to be revered ; and we only regret that his labours should be so syssiphean, as not to have produced him either fame or profit.

His cotemporary, Dr Snuffmill, has likewise plodded for a long time in a wearysome journey. At an early period of his career, he favoured the world with the result of his medical studies, which displayed a mind capable of improvement, and promised fair to throw light on the objects of his enquiry ; but he has been lately so immersed in political squabbles, that his taste

endeavoured to prove, as well from the internal evidence of the history of astronomy, geometry, architecture, &c. &c. as from other concomitant circumstances, that it was in Egypt the arts and sciences first derived their existence.

A.

\* The vapour here alluded to, called by the Arabians SERAH, is not unlike in appearance (and probably proceeding from a similar cause) to those white mists which we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer's evening, after a hot day. They are very frequent in the sultry plains of Arabia, and, when seen at a distance, resemble an expanded lake ; but, upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perceives his deception. Hence the SERAH, in Arabian poetry, is a common emblem of disappointed expectation.

Note from " SPECIMENS, &c."

for literature has vanished, and he has since employed his time upon "trifles light as air." In the history of Cumberland, lately published, the world was led to expect some accurate investigations in the natural history of the county, and which was principally under the Doctor's direction; but, since its appearance, that expectation has been disappointed. An imperfect and superficial skim upon the surface has supplied the place of information, and casual observation has been substituted for philosophical enquiry. It cannot answer the purpose of an epitome, for it is without accuracy and design; it cannot be considered as a cursory and amusing sketch of natural history, for there are neither plates, a lively description, nor correctness to recommend it. It may be considered only as a dull, insipid catalogue, collected by a stupid and positive politician, who would not stoop to receive information from another, if his sentiments on political subjects were different from his own. This political *mania* has arrested the progress of scientific pursuits with him, and indeed he seems to consider every literary production from another in a similar point of view. If there be the least hint respecting religion, he is branded by him as an enemy to the church, if not as an atheist, or at least a deist. If he expresses a disapprobation of tyranny, the meaning is converted into an attack upon the constitution. Thus are all the rancorous passions of the human mind set afloat, and he seems to have infected the social harmony of society where he lives, by this phrenzy of political rage. There is a library in Carlisle, the foundation of which promised fair to rival any collection in the kingdom, but it fell into the hands of a faction, of which this man is supposed to be the most active, and it has since dwindled into insignificance. Novels, plays, romances, and the party political effusions of the day, appear now to be the favorite studies of its members, and science seems to be dreaded as much as a democrat. The foundation of a coffee-house, on a liberal principle, was instituted, but faction has extended its talons even there. This man, only a few months ago, had the audacity to call a meeting of its members, for the purpose of expunging a newspaper which had incurred his displeasure; but, to the honour of their liberality, his proposition met with the fate it deserved. We hope he may yet, however, remember his duty in society; and though we would regret that exertion of prerogative which would constitute him a magistrate, yet society might reap advantage from his abilities as a physician.



The Rev. G. T. has afforded the world a good specimen of his literary talents, in his "Spirit of Modern History." That publication has not met with so rapid a sale as its merit would have given reason to expect. It is the best compendium of history we have met with, and the observations which he makes, seem to be those of an impartial mind, and arise very naturally from the subject treated of. His fugitive works are unworthy of the same pen. His sermons are execrable performances, though we cannot help doing credit to the goodness of his heart.

The Rev. Bugbear has for some time been feeling the public pulse upon his abilities as a politician. Unfit to fill a pulpit, he had scarcely felt the voice of public approbation to abate, when, Machievel like, he began to look forward for a better situation. He had long played a deep game, and by his *Display of Reformers and Church Establishment*, he expected, no doubt, to have reaped a fortune. It is not our province to throw a bar to his preferment, but that publication was most utterly unworthy of a dissenting clergyman. It was dictated with all the energy of malevolence, and his unqualified abuse was only fit for purlieus of Billingsgate or Drury. He had, like a spy, haunted the abode of his friends, and, like an evil genius, extorted sentiments from them, which he afterwards exposed. He is now engaged with a polemical work, but we would advise him, when he commits his labours again to the public, he would consult their feelings as well as his own. The title of his book is, *THE WORLD OF SOULS*; which, for absurdity, puts us in recollection of those puritanical title pages of last century, which are so well characterized by the hudibrastic humour of Mr Butler. Hypocrisy we despise under any shape; but, under the cloak of a parson, we detest it.

The abilities of R. A. are of a different complexion to those which we have had last under consideration. Bred in obscurity, reared by industry, and his genius brought, as it were, to maturity by the effect of his own exertion, he may really be viewed as a character not only entitled to respect, but praise. His talents, however they may be relished by our modern critics, who affect to be pleased with high-sounding epithets, tear-shedding sonnets, Shakespearean sublimity, &c. &c. must acknowledge that his taste and his judgment are truly characteristic of a poet. His language is always appropriate to the subject; his songs are stamped with a degree of superiority rarely to be excelled; the sonnets are truly respectable, several of them beautiful, and the last is equal to any of Petrarch's. The first poem, entitled

“ ‘The Soldier,’ ” is one of the most natural and pathetic pieces of poetry we have seen, and the sentiments are manly, elegant, and just. The apostrophe to the sons of luxury, with which he concludes the poem, are so striking, that its insertion must be generally acceptable.

O ye, who feel not Poverty's keen gripe,  
But loil with Luxury on beds of down,  
While the poor warrior, on the sun-burnt heath,  
Or frozen plain, in sleepless anguish lies,  
Think, think of him, the victim of your ease ;  
And when he 'scapes the gore-stain'd field, where Death  
(So oft a friend) the hero frees from pain,  
Attentive hear the wounded wanderer's tale,  
Nor mock with scorn his honourable scars,  
But let Compassion pour soft Pity's balm  
Into the wounds which only Death can cure !

If this respectable character should again favour the world with his lucubrations, we would advise him to try a subject of greater extent, (which we are persuaded his abilities are equal to) rather than confine them to a few short compositions, which, by the best authors, are barely read, admired, and then forgotten.

It is scarcely two years ago, when a society was instituted for literary pursuits ; and, from the activity of several of its members, much improvement was likely to be derived. Their object was the advancement of morality, as well as the improvement of their minds ; but it only existed a short time, before the activity of malevolence defeated the purposes they had in view. —The death of Dr M'Ausland was a great loss to the inhabitants, as well as to the literature, of Carlisle. His character is detailed, however, in a former paper of this work. —The late Mr Howard was a great friend to science, and the world is indebted to him for the best dissertation upon the principles of spherical geometry that ever was published. The rudiments of mathematical science he both acquired, and, in his turn, communicated to many within the city, before he removed to Newcastle, where he died.

There are several young men, of respectable talents, whose abilities are, no doubt, destined for a different sphere than they at present occupy ; and we can only suggest, that the inglorious employment of spending their evenings in the round of buffoon-



ery and clamfy wit that is to be met with in a tavern, is incompatible with a due respect to their character, when it might be employed so advantageously in scientific and literary pursuits.

*Bellingham, Sept. 10, 1799.*

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### PATRIOTISM.

THE attachment which a man has for his native soil is so strongly rooted in the imagination, that it requires a very strong exertion of the mind to divest yourself of the prejudice, that no place is superior, or even equal, to it.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :  
 The naked savage, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine ;  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks the gods for all the good they gave :  
 Nor less the patriots boast, where'er we roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.

Thus mankind reason upon the spot from which they derived their existence. For this, even the slaves of tyrants will defend the sacred country of their ancestors. Democrats may ridicule this sympathetic affection, and boast of being the citizens of the world ; yet a man who is divested of this attachment to his country, loses the pleasing reflection of being a patriot. The savages of Canada, who remonstrated with Europeans for depriving them of their territory, were actuated with the sacred enthusiasm ; and none who has a regard for his country, but must be struck with the beauty of the idea with which they addressed their invaders : “ We were born,” they said, “ upon this spot ; our fathers are buried here ; shall we then say to the bones of our fathers, Rise up, and go with us into a strange land. ? ”

## P O E T R Y.

## THE GLUTTON.

AS at the well-spread board Manducus sat,  
 On the delicious viands plac'd before him  
 Ready to feast : His eyes, like twinkling stars,  
 Glist'ning with joy ; his nostrils open'd wide,  
 Inhaling the rich fumes that from the dishes 'rose ;  
 His rosy gill upon his bosom pendulous ;  
 His paunch, most prominently round, projecting  
 O'er the table :—All 'spoke a man who lov'd  
 His belly well.———

Before him stood a massy piece of beef,  
 Cut from an ox's thigh ; and next it, a pudding  
 Rich was set ; and gravies, sauces, soups,  
 And all things else to glad his appetite,  
 Though sharpen'd e'er so well by hunger.

He scarce had well sat down, when to it straight  
 He fell with eager haste, in joyous mood.  
 He ate the pudding, and he ate the beef ;  
 And ever and anon he swill'd a potent draught  
 Of that fam'd liquor, which high rais'd the names  
 Of Whitbread, Thrale, and Calvert.

Pleas'd with the luxuriant repast,  
 He thus broke forth, elate, in praise of eating :  
 “ O, how delightful ! thus to cram one's guts  
 “ With ev'ry delicacy that wealth can purchase.  
 “ Some eat to live—but what is that ?—Why, nought :  
 “ We live to eat—and that's the end of life.  
 “ The famish'd wretch, who with content sits down  
 “ To a coarse brown loaf, and seldom drinks  
 “ Ought of more strength than water, barely life  
 “ Supports : But we, who cull the choicest dainties  
 “ Nature yields,---we, only we, do life enjoy ! ”

He scarce his speech had ended, when, by  
 An apoplectic stroke, his shapeless corse  
 Down to the ground a lifeless burden fell :  
 And thus he prov'd which was of most desire,  
 To live to eat—or eating, still to live.

P.



## ODE.

*Bruce's Address to his Troops, before the Battle of Bannock-Burn.*

**S**COTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory hed,  
 Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, an' now's the hour,  
 See the front o' battle lour,  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
 Edward! chains and slavery.

Wha wa'd be a traitor—knave,  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave,  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Traitor, coward—turn an' flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,  
 Freedom's sword will strangely draw?  
 Freeman, stand—or freeman, fa';  
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,  
 By our sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall, they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurper low,  
 Tyrants fall in every foe,  
 Liberty's in every blow;

Forward! let us DO OR DIE!

BURNS.

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SONG.—LANG-SYNE.

**W**HEN silent Time, wi' lightly foot,  
 Had trode on thirty years,  
 I fought again my native cot  
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.  
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left  
 Will aye continue mine;  
 Or gin I e'er again may taste  
 The joys I left lang-syne?  
 As I drew near my ancient pile,  
 My heart beat a' the way;

Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak  
 Of some dear former day :  
 Those days, that follow'd me afar,  
 Those happy days of mine,  
 That made me think the present joys  
 Were naething to lang-syne.

The ivy'd tow'r neist met my view,  
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw ;  
 Nae friend slept forth wi' open hand,  
 Nae weel ken'd face I saw :  
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,  
 Wha I left in his prime,  
 And grat to see the lad return  
 He'd borne about lang-syne.

I ran to ilka weel-ken'd place,  
 In hopes to find friend's there ;  
 I saw where ilka ane had sat,  
 An' hung on mony a chair,  
 Till soft remembrance drew a veil  
 Across these e'en o' mine ;  
 I shut the door, I sobb'd aloud  
 To think upon lang-syne.

Some pensy chieils, a new-sprung race,  
 Wad neist their welcome pay,  
 Wha shudder'd at my Gothic walls,  
 And wish'd my groves away.  
 " Cut, cut," they cry'd, " these aged elms,  
 " Lay low yon ancient pine !"  
 " No, no ! my fathers' names grew there----  
 " Memorials of lang-syne."

To win me frae these waefu' things,  
 They took me to the town,  
 An' there, in each dear former spot,  
 I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.  
 At balls they pointed to a nymph,  
 Whom all declar'd divine ;  
 But, sure, her mither's blushing cheek  
 Was fairer far, lang-syne.

When Time is past, and sorrow fled,  
 Your hearts may feel like mine ;  
 And aye the fang will maist delight  
 That minds ye o' lang-syne.



## *Review of Public Affairs.*

THE age in which we live, teems with examples of the extreme of virtue ; We can boast of superior ingenuity, in comparison with our forefathers ; Science is better understood, and learning is more universally diffused ; but if we can judge of the political wisdom of the age, from the effects which are now occurring throughout the world, we must reluctantly acknowledge that our ancestors were more wise and more happy than the present race of men. During a struggle between the people of France and its rulers, that has now occupied 10 years, the whole world seems to have been electrified, either NEGATIVELY OR POSITIVELY, with the concussion of that political phenomenon. Some nations have considered themselves aggrieved by their conduct, while others have looked silently on ; but in all, the feelings of mankind have been strangely and wonderfully affected. To check the mad enthusiasm of the French people, a powerful coalition of the princes of Europe had, in 1792, and the two succeeding years, been labouring to effect ; but their labours were insufficient. A lapse of a few years had nearly cooled the ardour of that political mania, and the people became solicitous for peace throughout Europe ; but, under the pretence of the good of the people, faction, jealousy, ambition, and avarice, have concurred to prevent that desirable event taking place. A fresh coalition with Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, have at the same time reared the standard of hostilities, for the purpose of checking the inordinate ambition of France, so that peace is again placed at a greater distance. To take a review of the past transactions among the contending powers, with sufficient accuracy, for these few months past, would lead us too much into detail ; we shall, therefore, confine our observations to the leading occurrences which have taken place since our last REVIEW.—

### FRANCE.

Her situation at the commencement of this campaign had all the appearance of security, with respect to her own strength ; and if we could reason from the rapid movements of Jourdan and Massena into the interior of Germany, they were possessed of similar sentiments with Cæsar, (VIDI, VENI, ET VICI, "I came, I saw, and conquered") and that, like him, they were secure of victory attending their steps. This idea, if it was entertained, they have since had great reason to abandon. During the negotiations at Rastadt, faction had a powerful sway at Paris ; and whether those who held the executive part of government made the expectation of peace with Germany the pretence of disbanding their armies, or it was to enrich themselves at the expence of the people, appears doubtful. That circumstance, however, left them exposed and insecure ; and reducing their armies from more than a million strong, to scarcely three hundred thousand men,

presented, no doubt, a favourable opportunity for the allies to make an impression upon her territories, especially as they had such a powerful co-operation as the royalists in the interior of the country. These royalists were well provided with arms which they had bought from the commissioners of the army, when the soldiers of the republic were reduced. All these circumstances were most probably known to the allies, and had the repeated defeats of Jourdan and Massena been quickly followed up by the Austrians and Russians, the republic would have been left in a very perilous situation. The insurrection in Belgium had, at one time, the appearance of being formidable and well concerted, but they were destitute of support, and necessity compelled them to surrender, and return to the allegiance of their conquerors. The Batavian republic, the nearest ally of France, was next menaced with danger, and had the expedition against her been executed at an earlier season of the year, Holland would have been not only reduced, but the defeats of the French armies in Switzerland and on the Rhine would have been rendered more complete. Suwarro's successes in Italy and the south of France was a powerful diversion for the allies, and the insurgents in the south were so numerous, that their junction with the Russian general would have, no doubt, added to their success. While France was thus pressed on all sides with dangers, parties of different descriptions were contending for the adoption of their principles, and for power in the capital. However, the friends of the republic rallied to her protection, and while Abbe Seiyes was called to the presidency of the directory, the soldiers flocked to the standard of their generals: Confidence was thus regained, though with difficulty, and the insurrection in the western and southern departments became less formidable. The powerful diversion which the French made on the lower Rhine, compelled the Archduke Charles, the Austrian general, to proceed in considerable force to prevent their irruption into Germany, and by that means lessened his strength so considerably in Switzerland, that that army fell an easy prey to the republican arms. Moreau, Macdonald, Championet, and Joubert, in the south, after a series of defeats, gathered strength upon their own frontiers, and arrested the progress of the allies' successes. The strength of the French armies thus increased, and fortune again began to veer in her favour.—During the time these transactions were occurring in France, a gloomy silence was observed respecting their army in Egypt. Dispatches had not reached them in a regular manner, and the expedition of Buonaparte into Syria was regarded as an important, although dangerous, adventure. Their success had hitherto been without much impediment, and the garrisons along the sea-coast of Syria had fallen without any difficulty into their hands. St John D'Acre, the most regular fortification, yet defied their power, and without which their other acquisitions were of immaterial consequence. Sir Sydney Smith, that brave naval officer, had been apprized of this irruption into Syria, and with the assistance of the Ottoman Porte, had collected a force at Acre which would have



kept the French army some time in check. He had, however, little or few cannon, but a circumstance occurred by which he was put in possession of the chief part of the French artillery that was intended to reduce that fortress. Buonaparte had meant to convey it thither by sea, but this misfortune not only retarded his operations, but he was obliged to procure cannon from Egypt, and the other garrisons he had reduced. Thus situated after a tedious siege of several months, in which he, indeed, succeeded in levelling the walls of the garrison, and taking 6000 prisoners, with an immense booty, he returned to Egypt to oppose an army of Turks, that were destined to invade that country. When he arrived at Cairo, they had already taken possession of Aboukir, and were making preparations to attack Alexandria. With an army of 4000 men he marched thither in four days, and after an engagement, which lasted only a few minutes, the Turkish army was completely routed, although more than four times their number. Part of them took refuge in Aboukir, which was compelled to surrender in a few days. Thus was an army of 18000 men destroyed without a struggle. We cannot reason here upon the advantages likely to be derived by the French from this conquest, but it would appear they have not now much to dread from any foreign force that may be sent against them.—After this campaign in Egypt was concluded, Europe was amazed to find Buonaparte had again returned to France, and nearly at the same time that we were in possession of the above intelligence. The object of his speedy arrival has, however, been developed in characters of a singular nature. The former constitution of France, although built upon the pure representative system, was found, upon experiment, too perfect for a people just immersed from the shackles of ignorance, superstition, and corruption. Their perpetual legislature bred faction, and their measures were tardy and insufficient. Delinquents had opportunities of cloaking the greatest crimes under the mask of the public safety; their Directory was only calculated for division, and making a civil war; there was always dissention; no measure proposed went cheerfully forward, but all was carried by a majority.—Such a state of things admitted of amendment, and it appears that no two men could have effected a revolution with more energy and propriety than Buonaparte and Sieyès. Buonaparte's arrival in France was, no doubt, previously concerted; and we are apt to hope, that, as the revolution was procured without blood, their new constitution may be productive of such measures as will lead not only to the amelioration of the condition of the people of France, but stop the effusion of human blood throughout Europe.

#### GERMANY,

of all the powers of the continent, has been the most obdurate enemy that France has had to contend with. What the Emperor's views were, on again renewing hostilities, and in joining the coalition, we are at a loss to conjecture. His coffers were long since empty; several of the princes of the empire have been obstinate, and refused their

contingents; and a manifest aversion to the war has been discovered throughout the kingdom.—Great-Britain, no doubt, has remunerated great part of the expences which she has incurred. By the assistance of the Russians, perhaps it was expected to recover Belgium, or the Netherlands, from the gripe of France. Either of these calculations are, to all appearance, improbable.—His progress in Italy has, however, been more successful. With the abilities of Suwarrow, as the leader of the Russians as well as his own troops, Italy has been nearly recovered from the subjugation of France. It would seem to be the design of the Emperor, therefore, to retain some of these reconquered countries in his hand, as a compensation for the loss of the Netherlands. What makes this appear probable, is, that the King of Sardinia is not yet reinstated in his Piedmontese possessions, and the garrisons are mostly occupied by the Austrian soldiers. Peace is a topic of common conversation at Vienna; the Russian and the German soldiers are at variance, and couriers have been frequently of late passing to and from the capital of Prussia. There is, therefore, great reason to suppose that Germany is now solicitous for peace.

JUNE 26, 1800.

Since the above review of continental politics, several months have elapsed, during which, a secession of the Russian auxiliaries has occurred. With such an important defection, it was conjectured by moderate men, that the cabinet of Vienna would have listened to an accommodation with the Consulate of France. However, the desire to retain possession of Piedmont, and the pecuniary aid with which the Emperor was supplied from Britain, induced him to turn a deaf ear to Buonaparte's pacific proposition, without the general acquiescence of the coalesced powers. Soon after that occurrence, the contending armies took the field, when fortune seemed to favour the Imperial arms. But the military genius of the chief Consul appears to have effectually counteracted the plans of the allies, and the republican troops have again recoiled with impetuous energy upon the allied forces. Such have been the manœuvres of the French Generals, both upon the Rhine and in the north of Italy, that it would seem to be the determinate project of Buonaparte to expel the Austrians from Italy, and to parcel out that country again into petty republics, according to its former democratic regime.—Among the numerous phenomena with which this war has abounded, the transactions that have latterly occurred in

### EGYPT

are not the least surprising. By the intercepted letters from the French general, Kleber, in Egypt, to the Directory in France, there seems to have prevailed a general despondency in the army after the departure of Buonaparte. The disasters at Acre, and the fatigues and losses which they had experienced in the country, left little room to doubt, but the only alternative they could hope for, and which the commander in chief could adopt, would be to capitulate, and evacuate Egypt. Soon after, indeed, when such a resolution was entered



upon, and the capitulation terminated, to the surprise of all Europe; the remains of the French army which had repaired to Alexandria, for the purpose of re-embarking to France, returned to Cairo, and again defeated the Turkish army. The cause of such a strange transaction is explained by the court at Constantinople, as being owing entirely to the refusal of the British Cabinet to ratify the convention that was agreed upon by Sir Sydney Smith, and that Kleber had resumed hostilities merely from a principle of self-defence. How far such a statement is correct, we are unable to ascertain; but if it is authentic, there is a probability that British troops will be sent to that country for the purpose of supplanting the republican colony.

### GREAT-BRITAIN.

The transactions of some preceding months, in our native country, have been principally confined to an incorporating union with Ireland. The opposition to the measure in this country seemed to be weak and inefficient; but in Ireland, notwithstanding the great ministerial exertions to bring forward an unequivocal majority in the Irish House of Commons, the question has been determined with a very inconsiderable superiority of numbers. The measure itself will, no doubt, be attended with great commercial advantages, if the fermentation which still subsists in that country could possibly be allayed, as then they might be able to direct their attention to those internal sources of wealth, which, by proper cultivation, would be found very productive.—With respect to foreign occurrences, we cannot help observing the rupture that has lately broke out in India, by which the possessions of Tippoo Saib were invaded, and ultimately converted into a province of the East-India Company. The summary proceedings of the British troops cannot, in point of valour, be too much extolled. After overcoming the difficulties they had to encounter on the frontiers, they penetrated to Seringapatam, before the Asiatic prince had been aware that the different passes were carried, and such was their promptitude, that they began to storm the citadel, before Tippoo could believe that his capital was in danger. The eastern monarch fell a victim to his own valour, at one of the gates of the city; but he yielded not to his conquerors, till he was covered with wounds, and till death had sealed his destruction.—We presume to hope, that the olive branch of peace will again soon be planted in our country; but we have to regret that the offers of pacification presented by Buonaparte were not listened to. It would, no doubt, have been a breach of political morality and public faith, to have detached ourselves from the coalition, and to have singly made our peace with an enemy, if these allies had been on the brink of ruin; but when they had driven them within their own frontiers, and Buonaparte had also proposed to make peace with these allies; when we were in possession of all their foreign colonies, and had effectually crippled their navy, it seems impolitic to have refused, at least, to hear what terms and conditions he had to propose. When this unhappy war will terminate, our political foresight does not enable us to determine; but Heaven grant that its period may be near at hand, that the poor may be supplied with bread, and that domestic happiness may resume her wonted empire!

